THE REAL REASON SINGING SAM CAME BACK

Radio MIRROR

APRIL

NRA CODE

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION



JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE

Beginning—

ENCHANTED LADY

The story of a fame-hungry girl who plunged into the radio maelstrom

The EXCLUSIVE STORY of the JACK BENNYS' BABY


For beauty of lips and neck-line enjoy Double Mint gum. Every day! Wherever and whenever convenient! It is a sure beauty exercise.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
P51

"TERRIBLE!"—SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE
"EXCELLENT!"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to the modern dentist—*to your own dentist.*

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. MM-45
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL · ART DIRECTOR

VOL • 3 NO • 6
APRIL • 1935

In the May RADIO MIRROR:

(On Sale on March 26th)



For the first time, the real inside story of Joe Penner's romance and marriage—a revealing, heart-warming feature . . . Also, How Much Money Can YOU Make in Radio?, which tells you the hitherto unknown salaries of all radio people, from page boys to stars . . . And: Why Warren Hull Went Into Exile, a thrilling human document.

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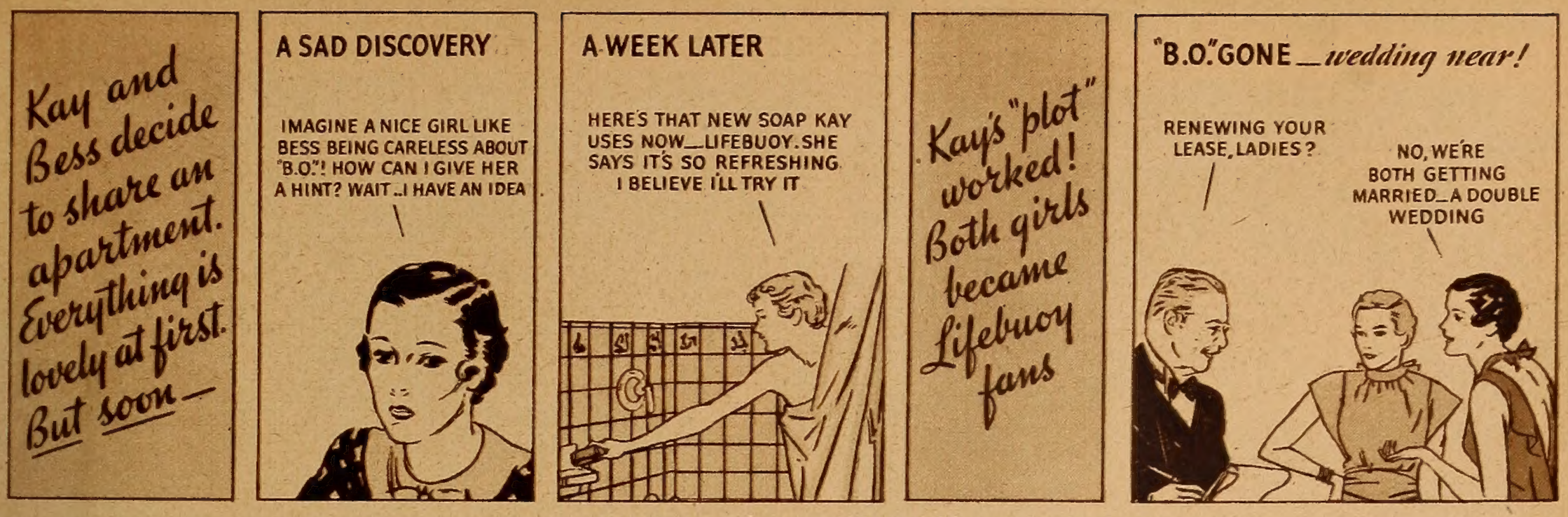
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By A. Mozert

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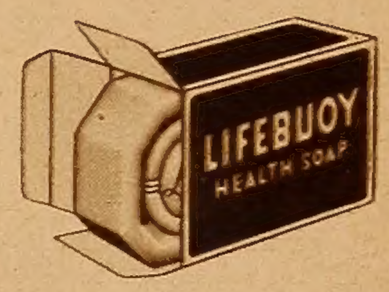
Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Executive and editorial office, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Carroll Rheinstrom, Advertising Director. Entered as second class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.00 a year; 10c a copy. In U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico and Panama $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.00 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.





LIFEBUOY, of course! It's mild, gentle, *kind* to the skin. Scientific tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Even on cool days, our pores give off a *quart* of odorous waste daily. Play safe with "B.O." (*body odor*)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses quickly away. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.*



IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT

NRA CODE





The makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso for best results!"

A B C	Faultless	Rotarex
American Beauty	Gainaday	Roto-Verso
Apex	Haag	Savage
Automatic	Horton	Speed Queen
Barton	Magnetic	Thor
Bee-Vac	Meadows	Universal
Blackstone	National	Voss
Boss	"1900"	Westinghouse
Conlon	Norge	Whirldry
Dexter	One Minute	Woodrow
Fairbanks-Morse	Prima	Zenith
Fairday		

AND for tub washing Rinso is truly remarkable. It *soaks* out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come whiter, brighter—*safely*. They last 2 or 3 times longer, because they're not scrubbed threadbare. Gives rich suds—*even in hardest water*. Grand for dishes and *all* cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



The biggest-selling package soap in America

Pageant of the Airwaves





1. Little Jack Little is now a day-time, night-time star. Afternoons he sings under sponsorship, evenings he directs his orchestra which he formed last year.

2. Johnny Green laid down his baton last fall to become one of CBS's highest paid musical directors. Now he is back on the air with his dance orchestra, providing music in the modern manner for which he has become famous.

3. Kel Murray is Murray Kelner, violinist for years for maestros such as Nat Shilkret. This is his first job of conducting, which he is doing on Let's Dance, Saturday night. His type of music is the slow-tempoed style.

4. Bobby Dolan was once the piano player for Walter O'Keefe when these two boys performed at Barney Gallant's, one-time New York speakeasy. Now he is with Burns and Allen, with his band, Wednesday evenings.

5. Born in Mount Moriah, Missouri, Leith Stevens got his professional start through Madame Schumann-Heink. He is blond, married to Mary McCoy, and directs the orchestra on the Pinaud's Lilac Time program, Saturday evenings during the dinner hour.

HERE COMES THE LEADER







Chapped busy hands made thrillingly smooth with HINDS

Smooth hands can say so much. But chapping, roughness, are ugly, unfeminine. Keep your hands nice with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds *does more* for your hands because Hinds is a rich cream—in liquid form. When you smooth in Hinds, it soaks dry abused skin deeply with healing oils. It quickly restores a thrilling smoothness.



Busy hands needn't chap or roughen. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soaks the skin with rich oils—to replace those "dried out" by hot suds or wind.



So easy. Rub in a little Hinds *after* soap tasks . . . and *before* bedtime. Just 1½ minutes' care a day gives lasting smoothness.



Soothe chapped little hands and knees with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It's easier to "wash clean" when Hinds keeps skin smooth.



Housecleaning today—yet her hands will look smooth and white when she goes to a party tonight. Hinds after housework is her secret!



IT is too bad to lose the endearing *smoothness of your hands when you can keep it so easily*—in spite of housework. It takes only about a minute and a half a day—it costs only a mere fraction of a cent a day—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream... And your hands *keep* that lovable smoothness.

So many women have decided that Hinds does *more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *liquid cream*. When you rub *in* Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing soothing oils—it replaces oils stolen from the skin by soap suds, housework and wind! Use Hinds after soap tasks—and always at night, to restore thrilling smoothness quickly. 50¢ and 25¢ in drug stores, a 10¢ size in the dime store.

HINDS
Honey and Almond
CREAM

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935



1. OUTDOOR GIRL



2. BRUNETTE CHARMER

1. Brunette Gladys Baxter, with singing success in opera behind her, takes the leading rôle in CBS's Outdoor Beauty Girl Parade, new Saturday evening program. Born in Virginia, Gladys made her first outstanding stage début last summer, taking the title rôle in Jerome Kern's "Sweet Adeline," produced by the Saint Louis Opera Company.

Pageant of the Airwaves

2. Here is one of the Hour of Charm soloists, under the direction of Phil Spitalny. Maxine, whose last name has been forgotten since her radio advent, comes from Columbus, Ohio, via successful work as band soloist in vaudeville. Spitalny bills her as the girl with radio's deepest voice.



3. MISSOURI SOLOIST

3. Left, meet Martha Mears, who could have been a school teacher and who wasn't. Martha spent four years at the University of Missouri getting a life degree for teaching, only to become a singing star at various local Saint Louis radio stations. Five years of professional work in church choirs as soloist paved the way for her first NBC network appearance a few months ago. She went on the Phil Baker show in October and has been appearing as guest star on the Colgate House Party.

4. Right, the conductor on the Cities Service program, Rosario Bourdon. Canadian born and educated in the Jesuit College in Montreal, Rosario studied music in Ghent, Belgium, where he learned to play the 'cello. A year later he became soloist with the Kursal Orchestra of Ostend, Belgium. Since then he has been engaged with several of this country's best known symphony orchestras. He is one of NBC's outstanding musical directors.



4. CITIES SERVICE CONDUCTOR

The GIBSON FAMILY



DOT MARSH, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

TODAY Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

Economy note: The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!



"PURL TWO—SLIP ONE," recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already!*"

"When and *if* it gets done, Miss Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE

"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES



"DAT OL' TEA SET of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful'," says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS



"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"

Pageant of the Airwaves



1. BACKSTAGE WITH MARY



2. LAUGHS WITH GRACIE



3. BIG SHOW BIG SHOTS

4. BACKSTAGE WITH LUX

1. BACKSTAGE WITH MARY

Mary Pickford heard Gale Gordon in radio on the West Coast and hired him on the spot when she organized her dramatic company for her Royal program. Gale has been on the New York stage in productions of "The Dove" and "The Dancers" before making his début in California.

2. LAUGHS WITH GRACIE

Our prize candid camera shot of George and Gracie in the middle of a Wednesday night show. Until January only studio officials and production men could witness Gracie's work at the mike. She relented and let the public in on the fun while they were broadcasting from Hollywood.

3. BIG SHOW BIG SHOTS

Block and Sully, husband and wife, stooge and comic, in costume for the Monday night Big Show. When Eddie Cantor gave this vaudeville team a break on his former Chase and Sanborn hour he was starting one of radio's most successful teams. We understand they're due in Hollywood again soon for a picture.

4. BACKSTAGE WITH LUX

This is a complete production shot of the Sunday afternoon Lux Theater of the Air, which began early this winter with the first radio presentation of "Seventh Heaven." Deep in the background you can find Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler, in working costume, at the microphone.

Two of the 46,000,000



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves . . . but about *you* and a problem of *yours!*

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get . . . thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief . . . well that laxative *must* be *good.* When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different . . . and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle.* Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take . . . for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

That "Certain Something"

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE. . . and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR . . . with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Pageant of the Airwaves

1. A FRIEND INDEED





2. SINGING IRISHMAN

3. REHEARSING WITH LYMAN



4. ARMCO IRON MAN



1. She's Stella Friend, leading spirit of Stella and her fellahs quartet with Fred Waring. Stella, who comes from California, lost her voice for nearly a year, found it again, met Paul Gibbon, Charles Craig Leitch and Ray Ringwald in Hollywood and brought them to New York. She was on the Chesterfield program early in the year.

2. The Singing O'Flynn—Milton Watson, another California product. Graduating from college in 1924, he gained an audition with Paul Ash in San Francisco and was brought east by the band leader. Scored a stage success with the Four Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers" and was heard over CBS in the Evening in Paris programs.

3. Abe Lyman, who probably has seen more of the country in vaudeville tours than any other popular band maestro, caught in rehearsal by the candid camera. He's playing now on both NBC and CBS radio networks.

4. The Armco Ironmaster musical conductor—Frank Simon. Formerly first cornetist with John Phillip Sousa, he organized his own aggregation of band men ten years ago. He has been heard with the band over station WLW in Cincinnati for the past five years. Last year he was put on an NBC hookup every Sunday afternoon and was carried over into this season, finishing his current series the fourth Sunday in March. Ferde Grofe, former arranger for Paul Whiteman, has been writing the music for the popular pieces which the band plays.

WHY JOHN HERRICK REMAINS SINGLE

This popular New England singer is called "The Celibate Baritone." Here's the reason—



By ARTHUR C. JOHNSON

John Herrick is heard on the "Gems of Melody" program and also his own program on Saturday nights. See page 53 —7 o'clock column.

ON Boston's Radio Row they call him the "Celibate Baritone" and yet he has more feminine acquaintances than any other kilocycle artist in the celebrated city of the bean and the cod. But he claims he shall never marry.

His friends just can't grasp the idea. Why, they persist in asking, should John Herrick betray such marked timidity toward the marital tie?

Has some girl spurned his affections at some time during his earlier youth so that he hates all women? No. He considers a close pal of his one of the most prominent lady surgeons in Massachusetts. Another is a rising young female lawyer of Boston. Still another is a well known painter, several others are singers and instrumentalists.

Some of the more romantically inclined among Boston's gossipers have spread the rumor that Herrick was once engaged to a beautiful girl who died a week before the announced wedding day and that Herrick has been heartbroken ever since. Although it has been denied hundreds of times before, the rumor persists. It is, nevertheless, so much tommyrot.

Herrick throws off an airy reply to such an intimate question. "Why should I add another woman to my household?" he asks smilingly, "when all my brothers really turned out to be sisters, my nephews are all nieces and my cousins and the rest of the present family tree are practically all members of the fair sex. My father and I were brought up completely surrounded by women. And although I thoroughly enjoy their company, I still look upon the marriage contract as one of those far away projects to be taken up in a whimsical dotage."

There is a deeper reason. One that goes down into the deepest recesses of this young baritone's heart. There *is* a woman in Herrick's life. Therein lies a tale. It is a tale about Mother and Son and in the telling you will find one of the most unusual twists you have ever heard. She passed away shortly before Christmas after a long illness.

This revelation of Herrick's relations with his mother is not the typical story of a love between a woman and her child. Julia Herrick was always more than a mother to her now famous son. She was a musical coach and spiritual confidante. She was an active partner in his profession, and she spent more than twelve years desperately trying to make her son change his mind about taking up singing as a career.

Julia Herrick came from a family of singers. And in the beginning of her vocal career she married a singer. Out of this union several children were born, all of them were girls except (*Continued on page* 85)

I was half sick all the time



• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time. 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... BY CHEWING, THE LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR EASIER RELIEF

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



A *Fortune* FOR PLAYTHINGS





Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, *that's all!*

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick cleansing, gentle acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine TOOTH POWDER 25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢



REFLECTIONS in the radio mirror

I'M tearing my hair because—At nine o'clock (EST), Tuesdays, I can't make up my mind between Grace Moore, Ben Bernie, and Bing Crosby plus the Mills Brothers . . . Beatrice Lillie, who's so very swell, obviously meets the tastes of so few people . . . Mary Pickford is going off the air . . . I never know where Charles Winninger is going to be next and because I wonder whether he'll like working on the Showboat, if he returns to it . . . More people don't listen to the most finished program on the air, the Lux Theatre . . . Sponsors still insist on long, wearying advertising plugs, apparently unaware of how many potential customers are being antagonized by the unnecessarily tedious interruptions (don't let me have to mention this again).

THE March of Time can now be seen in movie form. When I saw the first reel in preview, two things impressed me: what a fine, intelligent job it is and still, how much more vivid are the backgrounds when you listen to the air version and have to supply them with your own imagination! This is radio's greatest quality—its ability to stir your imagination, lulled to sleep by other forms of entertainment, notably motion pictures.

AN announcement appeared recently that a dignified group of dancing masters had selected a certain obscure orchestra leader as their choice for the best exponent of dance music in the country.

Then the dancing masters disowned the selection. And it turned out to be the boldly cooked-up stunt of a press agent, who wished to put his relatively unknown client into the limelight. He might have realized that it actually did his client more harm than good—for who will ever believe another news item about that unfortunate young man?

ONCE long ago, Eddie Cantor got 300,000 letters in response to one program—but that was long ago. Nor were they just plain, disinterested missives. Most of them asked for a swell premium which Eddie had offered.

Just before he sailed for Europe he did a little skit and made a little speech and this time he got 100,000 letters. And there were no premiums offered. The letter-writers wrote because what Eddie had said aroused in them a great enthusiasm. The response was without precedent.

That was the famous S.O.S. program—*Save Our Schools*. There were at least a hundred from presidents of universities, thousands from teachers and school principals; thousands more from the rich and the powerful. The quality of the response was what was most amazing. What's more, they're still coming in and it's well over four months since he made the appeal.

You may remember the program as the one in which Eddie pleaded with his listeners to keep the schools open. He pointed out directly and by way of a little sketch that thousands of schools in the country, especially in the rural districts, were closed for lack of funds—that thousands more were threatened with a similar fate. But Eddie got more than applause. His appeal brought action. Schools that had been closed were reopened. Schools whose doors were swinging were assured of a continued existence.

People wrote in urging Eddie to head a national organization which would dedicate itself to the job of keeping the schools open. Others offered to finance him in a drive for a Federal appropriation which would finance the bankrupt schoolboards of the nation. All of these offers, Eddie refused. He was a comedian. He had set the wheels in motion. That was enough. He had done his part.

Clever Cantor, these are the ways he keeps interest in him alive—the reason he tops all other comedians, none of whom has ever had the courage or the inspiration to step out from the gag line and say something about things that affect our daily lives.

I'm cheering because, beginning April 3, Chase and Sanborn sponsors One Man's Family, Wednesday evenings at 8 EST . . . and because Charlie Winninger stopped me from tearing my hair by singing that swell "The Cabby's Last Ride" on his Gulf program; he's going to sing one song every week!

Here are my frank, personal opinions on what's right and what's wrong with radio — with casual comments on this and that. Do you agree with me? Whether you do or not, write me; prizes for best letters are announced on Page 47. Here's your chance to say your say about stars and air programs.

Ernest V. Heyn

The EXCLUSIVE of the Jack Bennys'

By DORA ALBERT

"THIS is the only story that Mary and I will ever give out about the baby we have adopted," Jack Benny told me.

For months the intimate friends of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone have been aware of how much the coming of Joan into their home has changed the whole pattern, the whole gay routine of their lives. From two Broadwayites, living and working during terribly irregular hours, they've turned into a model Papa and Mama, going to bed early and rising early just so they can keep up with little Joan. Their friends have been amused at seeing these two sophisticated young people go as completely ga-ga over their adopted baby as the most unsophisticated and unworldly young mother and father. It's revolutionized them!

But at first Mary and Jack steadfastly refused to give out any interviews about the baby.

"This is different," Mary said at the time. "This isn't part of my work, of my public life. This is something I've dreamed about for a long time. I won't talk about Joan. Not until I've had a chance to have her to myself for a few months. She belongs just to Jack and me, and we don't want to share her with anyone else. Not now. Not yet."

Finally they agreed to give out this one interview about the baby, to explain what she means to them and what their plans for her are.

Jack Benny said to me, "We'll never want Joan to be far from us. No boarding schools for her when she grows up. You see, for the first few months of her life she was deprived of having any mother or father with her. In all the later years we'll remember that and try to make it up to her."



Jack and Mary have never known such bliss. Their cherished dream of a child is now a reality. On the opposite page is the proud mother and adorable baby Joan Benny.

And Mary said, "When Joan gets old enough to understand, I'll tell her that she's adopted. But in the meantime I want her to call me 'Mother' and think of me as 'Mother'. The biggest thrill of my life will come when Joan calls me 'Mother' for the first time. So far the biggest thrill of my life was having Joan put her soft hands on my cheeks. Nothing that has ever gone before, no success on the stage or radio ever meant as much to Jack and me."

Yes, this is Mary Livingstone speaking, Mary, the cold, the poised, the worldly young woman who fought her way up by using that shrewd and clear brain of hers. If what she says sounds mushy and sentimental, it's because something has happened to Mary. If I had told Mary a year ago that one day she

STORY *Baby*



would be dithering over an adopted baby like any other *hausfrau*, I'm sure she would have told me to stop telling bedtime stories.

If I had told Jack Benny, Jack who put his work above everything else, that he would be tossing important scripts aside to get down on his knees to play with a baby, he would have told me to act my age.

BUT what has happened? Flash! Look at this scene! I was sitting in the Benny living room. The nurse wheeled in six-months-old Joan in her crib. She was smiling. She is always smiling. She has curly blonde hair and her eyes are blue just like Jack Benny's. The minute she catches sight of him she makes a dive for him. She did now.

Jack took her into his arms. Her tiny hands caressed his cheeks. She beamed. Jack beamed. Mary beamed. Then Jack put one finger gently into the baby's mouth. She loved it. Soon he had two fingers in her mouth, then three like a teething ring. And Jack looked as if he was having the time of his life.

Then Mary took the baby into her arms, and she looked goofier than Jack. Goofy about the baby, goofy about life, goofy about the world which gave her this final, supreme treasure. The baby began to pull her hair. Mary only grinned while the baby pulled and pulled. And then she said, "What do you want to do, pull out your mother's hair so early in life?"

Do you remember the picture, "A Bedtime Story," with Maurice Chevalier, and how everybody in it catered to the whims of a little boy, even to giving him watches to smash? Well, Jack and Mary are like that. For instance, Baby Joan loves to pull at Jack's ties. Particularly red ones. The redder they are, the better she likes them. So lately, Jack has taken to wearing nothing but red ties, so as to give Joan something to grab at. While she grabs, he bends over her crib and beams.

A startling change has come into the lives of Jack and Mary—told here for the first and last time

The Bennys are on the Jello program, see page 53—7 o'clock column.

And Mary is even worse, with her eight baby books in which she scribbles down every move Joan makes. Every day she and Gracie Allen exchange stories about their adopted babies. Gracie calls her on the phone to gurgle, "Oh, you should have seen Sandra today. The way she looked up at George, you'd almost think she was winking at him." Then Mary says, "Joan looked as if she was trying to pick a fight with her daddy today. Why, when Jack was bending over her crib, she actually clenched her fist at him."

Gracie and Mary send gifts for each other's babies, and because Gracie's gifts so often duplicate Mary's, both babies have practically the same toys. "It's the dream of our lives," Mary Livingstone told me, "that when the two girls grow up they'll be the best of friends, as good friends as Gracie and I are."

Of course Baby Joan is getting the best of care. She has one of the finest baby specialists in the country to watch her health, and a very wise Scotch nurse has charge of the nursery. Oh, she's very capable. She's fully able to give Joan her bath, and feed her at the right time and see that she gets to bed at the right (*Continued on page* 64)

Helen Jepson was *until*—

She has a secret of dreams, a secret of painful drudgery and disappointment that led to sudden, breath-taking fame

by ROSE HEYLBUT

HELEN JEPSON is one of the magic names of the air. You hear her on the Whiteman hour, on the Chase and Sanborn opera hour, and in the great Metropolitan broadcasts . . . where she is the first woman star ever to be engaged for leading rôles direct from radio work. You see pictures of her slim, radiant blonde beauty, and you say, "That girl has glamor!" And so she has. But she has something more, besides. She has a secret of dreams that once seemed hopeless, and disappointments thát looked crushing . . . the secret of any small town girl who longs for *the* One Big Chance that doesn't seem possible to get. It is just this secret that has made Helen Jepson what she is.

Come back with me about eight years, to Akron, Ohio. In a plain little room in a plain frame house, an eighteen-year-old girl is dragging herself wearily out of bed, to face another long day of drudging behind a shop counter. An interesting sort of girl. Blonde, lovely, with dreamy brown eyes, she is going through the hardest problem a human being can face—the problem of planning what to do with her life.

Two roads are open before her. One leads on, endlessly, through the plodding of a shopgirl's work. She knows all about that! Nine hours a day behind a counter, and your feet get so tired! You learned long ago that if you ever let yourself stop to think about your feet, you'd go crazy. So you don't think about them.

You arrange your hair before the glass now, and try not to think too much about anything. Today may be easier. You say that every morning. Yesterday was a corker! That fat old woman who looked as if she didn't have a worry in the world, and raised such a fuss about a bolt of tape that didn't match! How can a person carry on like that just about *tape!* If she had anything real and throbbing to think about. . . .

Now the other road opens before her—the way it flashes into everything, no matter where she starts thinking! This other road leads into the magic world of music . . . to concert halls, to radio maybe; yes, even to the glamorous opera itself! Anything is possible . . . in a daydream. That's why daydreams are so comforting. The little shopgirl finishes dressing for the day's work and her thoughts run on.

Funny, to have a queer *something* in your throat that makes your voice sound . . . different. Funny, but grand, too! You sang solos at church and everybody praised you. And that time you'd sung the leading part in the High School show . . . my, how people had been excited over you! That was wonderful! If only you could live like that always. . . . Yes, but how could you if you were poor?

People said, "With a voice like that, you ought to do something!" But what? You couldn't afford music lessons, not even cheap ones. You couldn't even afford the *time* for them! You had earnest obligations. You had to go to work, and use your salary to help at home. Whatever happened, you couldn't fail the folks at home. You felt a beating of wings within you; there were times when you thought you'd die if you couldn't do *something* to get your big chance. . . .

Well, there was one thing you could do. You could be gallant; you could hope and dream and tell yourself that life isn't done at eighteen, even (*Continued on page 59*)

Below, the courageous, ambitious former shopgirl when she was arguing with her unwilling destiny at Curtis Institute.





Just a SHOPGIRL



For the Whiteman Hour, see page 53, 10 o'clock column; also, Chase and Sanborn broadcast (8 o'clock column) and Listerine, page 52—2 o'clock column.

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL PFEUFER

Enchanted Lady

Beginning the thrilling story of Ginger Wallis, a fame-hungry girl, who crashes radio's guarded gates through a daring ruse

by DOROTHY BARNSLEY



"Look what you've done, you little—." She caught at the ruffles on Ginger's dress. The ruffles ripped. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who wanted the same thing.

"THIS is Mark Hammond broadcasting from the roof terrace of the Berkeley Hotel, through Station WSR. New York.".

The maestro made his own announcement, bending close to the microphone.

In the radio world Mark Hammond's popularity ranked second only to that of Rudy Vallee himself. His fan mail ran into thousands, and required the attention of three secretaries. His signed, smiling portrait adorned the wall of many a boudoir.

When Mark sang his crooning songs of love, débutantes sighed, the hearts of staid society matrons skipped beats, and housewives forgot their routine duties. Men fidgeted enviously, seeing their sweethearts captivated by a voice on the air.

Mark symbolized the romance and glamour of every girl's dream lover. His voice was irresistible, and his personality magnetic. On various occasions he had been reported engaged to a film star, a Broadway actress, and a temperamental young prima donna. But not one of them had lured him to the altar.

Mark Hammond was a free soul. He loved life as it was. He appeared at the fashionable late spots with a different beauty every night.

A writer for a radio magazine quoted him as saying, "I shall not marry until I give up my radio work. My work brings me in contact with too many charming women. I feel that a happy marriage would be impossible for me I have seen other marriages among professionals like myself crash sordidly. I prefer to keep romance."

The columnists panned him for his egotism, but Mark laughed it off. It was good publicity. Besides he wasn't entirely egotistical. He was just shrewd enough to know that his enormous popularity depended upon his appeal to the fair sex.

The voice which carried thrillingly into the homes of America announced, "The opening number on tonight's program will be, 'I Saw Stars'."

"Stars!" echoed Ginger Wallis, seated at her obscure table at the far end of the terrace.

GINGER WALLIS had hitched her wagon to a star. A radio star. Ginger knew that she could sing. The radio was her consuming ambition. She haunted the broadcasting studios, trying to get an audition. She read the radio magazines avidly. The celebrities of the air were her idols. Ginger had a little book filled with autographs.

It lay on the table before her now. Ginger said to her companion, "I got another one today. Guess who?"

Larry Bryan just looked at her. A sullen-faced young man to whom radio stars were just voices on the air, not flesh and blood humans as they were to Ginger.

Ginger raced on, "Ruth Etting! She was coming out of the studio. WEAF. Her husband was with her. I walked right up to her and asked her for her autograph. She smiled at me. Gosh, she's sweet! Look what she wrote."

Larry read, "Wishing you success—Ruth Etting."

The enchanted Ginger said, "I'm going to get Mark Hammond's, too."

"Hammond!" Larry exploded. "Why, his flock of secretaries wouldn't even let you get near him. Mark Hammond hasn't got time to waste on a girl like you. He's out for society."

"I'll get it," Ginger repeated.

"And when you do, what good will it do you?"

Ginger's blue eyes held a faraway look.

"It will bring me a little nearer to a dream of mine. Oh, I know you think I'm a fool, Larry. But I know what I want. Some day I'm going to be a star myself. I'm not going to chase celebrities for their autographs forever. I'm going to be one of them!

"You and I don't belong here tonight. We're out of place, and uncomfortable. My dress isn't right. It's cheap and gaudy, and it clashes with my hair. I can see that now. But it won't always be like this. I'm going to be different. I'm going to be famous. I'm going to be *somebody!*"

Ginger was slim, and vibrant, and red-headed. She was right about her dress. It was flame-colored, and all wrong with that hair of hers. Ginger had got away to a wrong start in life. She had known poverty, and hard knocks. But she had never lost faith in her own talent.

Larry said, "And you think hanging around the broadcasting studios, staring goggle-eyed at the Great Ones, and being rebuffed at every turn is ever going to get you anywhere? The air is overcrowded now. There are thousands of girls like you who think they can sing."

"I know I can sing," she interposed quietly.

"An unknown doesn't stand a chance these days. There's only room on the air for people with big names."

"People have to *earn* big names," Ginger said. "I was reading about Mark Hammond in a magazine the other day. Two years ago all the studios turned him down. He started in to work for practically nothing. The little money he received he turned over to the boys in his band, just to keep them from deserting him. He only had one suit of clothes, and his shoes were worn through at the bottoms. Now look where he is."

THE smiling Mark Hammond had paused to introduce some notables at nearby tables. A famous film star, visiting from Hollywood, cooed a greeting into the microphone to her unseen audience.

Mark said, "And here is my friend, Lew Littell, the old keyhole peeper in person! Come and tell the folks the latest gossip, Lew."

A murmur of interest rippled from table to table as the famous Broadway columnist stepped up to the microphone. A short, slight man with very shrewd eyes, and the pallid face of one who habitually turns nights into days, and days into nights.

Ginger Wallis watched eagerly, her face shining with all the awed interest of an unknown for those whose magic names are household words. Because she read her radio magazines so carefully Ginger knew the part Lew Littell had played in raising Mark Hammond to stardom.

The friendly feud between these two had made radio history. It started a year ago when Littell, on one of his own broadcasts, had made a wise crack at Mark's expense. Mark retaliated wittily, to the amusement of his radio audience.

Both men suddenly found that they had stumbled upon something which was priceless publicity. They kept it up. On the air they bandied wise cracks back and forth. Off the air they were friends.

Ginger knew that the amusing publicity Lew Littell had given Mark Hammond had helped to put the young bandmaster over. She knew, too, that publicity was the only thing which could help her. Right then she was desperate enough to do almost anything which would earn notice for herself.

Littell's voice was staccato, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Listener-in. Flash!—Important secret developments in an internationally famous kidnapping case indicate that a suspect will be definitely named in a very few days. Flash!—In spite of indignant denials the Johnny Harvards will get that divorce, and the charges will be sensational. And now we'll tell one on our genial maestro."

Littell grinned. "Maybe Mark Hammond won't thank us for reporting this. Frances Marsden, featured singer with his band, eloped last night with a lad who has too much coin. Mark is looking for a new songbird. Here's a wide-open chance in a million for a girl with a voice, and plenty of it, those, and them. Step right up, youngsters, but don't get crushed in the mob!"

Mark grimaced at the smiling Littell as he waved him away from the microphone.

Ginger Wallis sat up very straight suddenly. She never heard the rest of that broadcast. She never heard what Larry Bryan was saying to her.

"A chance in a million for a girl with a voice—"

Her chance! Just how she was going to thrust herself before Mark Hammond's eyes she had not the least idea. She only knew that somehow she had to do it. And she had to do it tonight.

The half-hour broadcast was (*Continued on page* 54)



"I understand, all right," Mark said grimly. "Just because you have a crazy idea you want to sing over the radio you think you can put me on the spot."



Culver Service

Little Michael takes up a great deal of his daddy's time. And Lawrence Tibbett is the busiest man these days what with his Packard broadcasts on Tuesday nights and his opera work. He's now preparing for the title rôle in the new American opera, "The Pasha's Garden," by John Laurence Seymour.

TIBBETT
and CO.



Homer Van Pelt

The Campbell Soup star of Columbia's Hollywood Hotel program seems to have turned back the pages of history. Dick Powell, as he appears with Gloria Stuart, his new partner in Warner Brothers' film, "Golddiggers of 1935."

On the right, the lovely Irene Rich of radio, stage and screen fame, has just renewed her contract with Welch's Grape Juice. Miss Rich is proof of our modern-day miracles that one can be both successful and beautiful at forty.

Herbert Mitchell



NELSON EDDY

Photo by Virgil Apger

One of America's handsomest baritones, and he knows his opera, too. He can sing thirty-two operatic rôles in six different languages. Mr. Eddy is featured on the Firestone program over the National networks.

RUTH ROBIN



Photo by Joseph McElliott

Only nineteen years old but this Brooklyn gal is going places. Ruth is Leon Navara's soloist, whose orchestra plays interesting dance tunes at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York, overlooking Central Park.

32 GIRLS



WHO CAN'T MARRY

Would you sign away your love-life to play in Phil Spitalny's band?

Heard on the Linit Hour of Charm. See page 51—8 o'clock column.

By JOHN EDWARDS

IF you were in your twenties, single, and you found the right man, and he proposed to you, would you marry him? But wait—What if you had signed a legal contract promising not to marry anyone for two years? Then what would you do?

That's the situation facing one of the most unique musical organizations in the world. There they are—thirty-two girls who can't marry and they don't know what to do about it

Before you pass any snap judgments, read the story of how these girls came to find themselves in such circumstances, how they came to be radio stars, all thirty-two of them, and yet couldn't marry—not one of them.

It's the story of Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra which the Linit Hour of Charm features over a CBS nation-wide hookup and of the unique legal documents he made each member of his band sign when she joined.

Over a year ago Spitalny began a talent hunt for women musicians. He wanted an orchestra composed solely of girls and he wanted them single. It took nearly twelve months before he was through, but when it was all over, he had what he had been looking for. You hear the orchestra every week now, on Thursday nights, from eight to eight-thirty.

The selection wasn't as easy as it may sound, because Spitalny not only wanted them single—he wanted them to promise not to marry for two years! And that is how one of the strangest contracts in radio came to be drawn up between a band leader and his musicians. There's a sound reason for this contract which Spitalny himself gave me and which I'll tell you later.

But what if you played a musical instrument and were offered an engagement on a coast-to-coast hookup? All right, you sign an agreement not to marry for two years. Then after you sign, you meet the man of your dreams and he says "let's get married." What do you do then?

I went to a rehearsal of the Spitalny orchestra with these questions in mind, looking for some of the girls who by this time must have had answers to (*Continued on page* 80)

by FRED SAMMIS

The Real Reason Singing Sam Came Back



Why did radio's most popular baritone who quit for good return to the air? Here's the low-down on the story

A LITTLE over a year ago the most popular baritone voice radio ever found left New York and went home. Singing Sam had quit!

Now, with the rapid passage of the year, he is back on the air, on a new network program. Once more his husky, friendly voice booms out that familiar advertising slogan:

"Barbasol, Barbasol, no brush, no lather, no rub in. . . ."

Probably you remember that when he let his contract expire, packed his baggage, and got out, he said in a magazine interview:

"I'm going home because I'm tired—tired of working, tired of singing. I don't think I'll be back."

Then why is he singing again? When did he return? And why has there been so little fanfare of trumpets announcing his arrival once more on the air?

In the story which answers those questions is wrapped up a boyhood dream and a man's lifelong yearning—all miraculously come true. Singing Sam is living the life he has always wanted, and he is back in radio because he has not had to give up what it took him so many years to find.

The truth is this. Harry Frankel, the Barbasol Man, has found home, the home he left as a young man to begin a vaudeville career which carried him back and forth into every large city and out-of-the-way village in the country. Now, day by day, he takes deeper and deeper root in the rich Indiana soil from which he sprang.

This writer traveled to Cincinnati to see Frankel, for it is over the new Mutual network (WLW in Cincinnati, WGN in Chicago, and WOR in Newark) that he sings. We met on the eighth floor of the world's largest local station—WLW—the second Friday night of his new series.

Already his heavy, rather handsome face had the unmistakable marks of an outdoor man. The skin was tanned, leathery, flushed with health. He was no longer the Singing Sam who had quit because he was tired of working, and tired of singing. There was a sparkle in his blue eyes, his handclasp was firm.

And sitting at his side, quiet and smiling, was Mrs. Frankel, whom he introduced proudly as his bride of less than a year. Pretty, vivacious, she married Frankel last June and went to the farm with him to live. It was all a part of Singing Sam's plans when he dropped his Barbasol rôle and became a country gentleman.

When I asked him why he had come back to radio, his answer to my question was unexpected. In New York word had gone around that Frankel had lost all his money in a bank venture, that he had been forced to go, penniless, to his sponsors and ask for a job again. They had formed a mental picture of a man who had saved all his life only to lose his savings and find himself back where he started.

"Lose my money? Not at all," Frankel said unhesitatingly. "I came back because of a very different reason. Let me tell you about it.

"An hour's drive from Cincinnati (*Continued on page 72*)

The DOUBLE

Nick Parkyakas

He's on the Cantor program. See page 51—8 o'clock column.



GLAD in typically conservative brown tweeds, one of Boston's youngest and most successful advertising men galloped for the train. In one hand he held a new hat, in the other he clutched a telegram from Eddie Cantor.

WANT TO AUDITION YOU FOR SUNDAY NIGHT'S BROADCAST COME AT ONCE REGARDS EDDIE CANTOR.

Harry Einstein read the telegram once more to make sure it was real, shoved his hat on his head, and boarded the train for New York. In five hours he was in the Grand Central Station. In another he had found Cantor, had his audition, heard the decision.

"You're on the next program. I predict that you will be a tremendous hit!"

And that is how Parkyakakas was introduced to a coast-to-coast network for Eddie Cantor's Chase and Sanborn hour and how he has found his way to Eddie's new Pebeco show on a CBS hookup.

"I never for a moment dreamed," said he—and he used

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONC

WESTER
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CLASS OF SERVICE

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FULL-RATE | DAY LETTER

Received at

BZ160 14 4 EXTRA DUPLICATE OF TELEPHONED TELEGRAM=

:NEWYORK NY 28 607P

HARRY EINSTEIN=
18 ORKNEY RD BROOKLINE MASS=

YOU ARE IN SUNDAYS PROGRAM WIRE ME WHEN YOU ARRIVE=

EDDIE CANTOR.

LIFE of

If Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein and Harry Einstein is the Advertising Director of a Boston furniture store, then who is the Greek comedian on the Eddie Cantor program? Read this!

By EDWARD E. LEWIS

Photo made exclusively for Radio Mirror



DON'T
VOTE FOR
NICK PARKYAKAKAS
KAY'S CANDIDATE
for MAYOR

Listen in Radio Station WNAC, Mondays and Fridays at 10:30 P.M. to Nick's political rallies.

X

Harry Einstein, Advertising Director of the Kane Furniture Co., is the voice behind Parkyakakas. The card on the right is a sample of one of his gaga schemes.

the broad A common to Boston—"that such a part would ever be handed me on such a program."

Not by the wildest flight of imagination could Harry Einstein, the Monday morning I interviewed him, be taken for the master of the Greek dialect who had panicked, the night before, one of radio's largest audiences.

His sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pencil jabbed down over one ear, he was interviewing printers, salesmen, department heads, and—in-between times—writing a new ad for the furniture company of which he is a director.

During the swiftly moving moments of his daily routine this young Boston business executive remains coolly efficient. It took a telegram from the world of entertainment, from Cantor himself, to upset his equilibrium.

"Because," as he confessed, "I was unable to eat or sleep. It was the greatest and happiest moment in my life, yet the most miserable. Miserable because my rise and fall depended on this first interview with Mr. Cantor."

HE sat back—this young man of thirty who controls a yearly appropriation of $20,000 for advertising—drew a deep breath and explained:

"That train ride from here to New York was the longest period of my life. I never realized how slowly trains could run. I actually wanted to get out and push the cars myself."

But if Parkyakakas is Harry Einstein, and Harry Einstein is the advertising director of a Boston furniture store, whence the hilarious, successful Greek comedian?

The dialect which he mastered came easily to him and comedy was bred in his bone. (*Continued on page 63*)

What's wrong with

RAY PERKINS TELLS

By DAN WHEELER

Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR *by Wide World*



For Ray Perkins' Feenamint's Amateur night, see page 52—6 o'clock column.

"THE trouble with most amateurs—those with real talent, that is—is that they can't overcome the bugbear of audience-fright," says Ray Perkins. "They are defeated by their own fear."

You know Ray as the master of ceremonies on the first amateur program to be broadcast over a national network, the Amateur Night, sponsored by Feenamint and heard every Sunday afternoon at six o'clock, Eastern time. You hear him introduce the performers, and sometimes you hear the whistle he blows as a signal to Arnold Johnson, the orchestra leader, to play the loud G-major chord which cuts an amateur off in mid-flight.

Although he was away from the air for five months before becoming master of ceremonies for the Amateur Night, Ray's comedy and singing have been radio and vaudeville features since 1925.

A large part of Ray's present job is carried on behind the scenes. He is a member, and an important one, of the group which every Saturday listens to between two and three hundred eager, hopeful aspirants to microphone success, and decides which of them will be given their chances on Sunday's program. The Sunday broadcasts are made up of bona-fide amateur talent, but it has to be sifted first, in order to provide a half-hour's entertainment for the listening public.

A barrage of talent and no-talent is thrown at Ray every week, but in spite of it he has found time to sympathize with those who haven't yet arrived, and with those who, in all likelihood, never will; and to analyze the mistakes they make.

"In the first place," he said, "only five or ten per cent of the amateurs we listen to are really going somewhere. The other ninety or ninety-five per cent aren't. A small percentage? Well, maybe, but I don't think it is any smaller in radio than in any of the other branches of the entertainment field. Radio is a hard racket, but it looks easy and fabulously well paid, so a lot of people without any particular talent are attracted by it.

"When I say that the (*Continued on page* 74)

Ray Perkins says that the trouble with most amateurs is fear. Above, you see Ray blowing the whistle that spells "doom" to many aspirants.

the AMATEURS?

MAJOR BOWES TELLS



Major Bowes' Amateur Hour is on Station WHN, New York. The Major's Capitol Family is on the NBC air Sunday mornings at 11:30.

THE trouble with most of the people who want to achieve fame on the radio is that they are lazy.

This is the startling conclusion of the man who has listened to more amateurs than any other person in New York—Major Edward Bowes, master of ceremonies on the WHN Amateur Hour, which he originated.

Hard words? Perhaps at first they seem so, but the Major's frank advice should be invaluable to all of us whose ambition it is to be a radio star.

The Major is one of radio's veterans—in fact, his Capitol "Family", which he has "fathered" for almost ten years, is the oldest non-commercial program on the air. You've heard him, as well, on numerous special broadcasts, and as a speaker at banquets and other public occasions which have included the radio public among their audiences.

Besides his radio appearances, he is the managing director of the Capitol Theatre in New York, vice president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Corporation, and managing director of WHN.

His long connection with radio and the theatre have given the Major a keen understanding of the difficulties which beset the path of the aspirant to fame—and for nearly a year now he has been the impresario of a weekly broadcast which draws all its talent from those whose names are still unknown to the world.

Unless you live in or near New York, you probably have never heard (*Continued on page 75*)

Major Bowes says that most people who want to achieve fame are lazy. Above, the Major striking that famous gong of defeat.

How to get MORE out of

We don't have to be high-brows or educated musicians to enjoy fine music -- this fascinating feature tells us why

"SERIOUS" music is rapidly becoming "popular" music.

More and more symphonies and operas and fine concerts are being broadcast and every day more and more people are listening in.

The big boys who sit behind walnut-topped desks, and chew cigars—the executives who control radio—are putting thousands of dollars this year into producing fine symphonic and operatic broadcasts. In the next few years, millions will be spent. All because the mass of radio listeners—you and I and the guy next door—are beginning to enjoy these programs.

That means we are learning how to listen to them.

We are finding out that you don't have to be a "high-brow" or a sissy, or an educated musician to enjoy symphonies and operas.

Anyone who likes jazz is musical. The only difference between liking jazz and liking serious music is in the way you listen. The blare of a jazz band comes out of your loud-speaker and hits you square between the eyes. In listening to the symphony, you must go half way to meet it.

A jazz band thrills you. Exhilarates you. Makes you want to dance.

A symphony makes you want to dance. Thrills you, saddens, depresses, elevates you. It makes you want to cry. To pray. To commit murder. To love. To worship beauty.



Millions are being spent on fine symphonic and operatic broadcasts. Rich and poor alike can enjoy the fruits of this golden harvest; the only ticket of admission is the trick of knowing how to listen.



FUN MUSIC

by CARLETON SMITH

Without any tomfoolery or hooey, Carleton Smith, famous music critic and friend of the great composers and musicians, shows us, in this fine story, how to give ourselves up to music and get out of it all we've been missing. Mr. Smith's knowledge of the art is only exceeded by his talent in writing about it.

—The Editor.

Illustrated by HUBERT MATHIEU



It thrills you and makes you conscious of every living emotion. Think of it, all these experiences, all that one can feel in life and death, await you to experience and know in a great symphony. It's all in the art of listening, listening to hear.

You can hear a lot of Wagnerian music this winter on the radio—straight from the Metropolitan Opera House. The New York Philharmonic broadcasts several Wagnerian programs.

JUST for the fun of it, I want you to experiment a bit with this idea of listening to good music. Let us imagine that you and I are about to hear Wagner's "Tannhauser" together.

The thing to do is to get into an easy chair a few minutes before the broadcast begins. Take your pipe or your knitting with you. Relax. Be quiet a few minutes. Above all, don't be self-conscious. Realize that whether or not you are a musician doesn't matter. Just keep your ears open—and wait.

This opera that you're about to hear depicts the struggle of an ordinary man—a man like me or you—to choose between two kinds of loves; the sensual, passionate love that some of the famous harlots of history inspired, and the ideal, faithful, wifely love that every man wants in his heart. Both attract Tannhauser, the hero of this opera.

Now, we have three forces at work in the music: the calm, magnificent, beautiful quality of (*Continued on page* 68)



Frank Parker

Radio's Best-Dressed Man

He explains what clothes mean to him and what your clothes can—and should—mean to you and you

by FRED RUTLEDGE

Photographs made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR *by William Haussler*



The tenor of the Jello and A. & P. Gypsies programs favors a grey, Scotch plaid double-breasted suit for business only. It's the suit pictured on the left.

For ordinary evenings, Frank dons a navy blue suit like the one below. It's double-breasted also, and of a basket-weave cloth. Can be worn Sundays.







Above, radio's bachelor, ready for a week-end of polo. His traveling suit is black and white tweed. The snappy costume at the right has checked trousers without the usual cuffs. The coat and double-breasted vest with lapels are black. With it go a derby, walking stick, gloves, and stiff collar.

SEVENTEEN suits hang in his clothes closet. Twelve pairs of shoes stand below them. Five felt hats, an opera hat, and a top hat sit on the shelf above. The suits have been cut by one of New York's finest tailors. The shoes are hand sewed. The hats come from Fifth Avenue's smartest shop. That is why Frank Parker is known as the best dressed man in radio.

Yet he says, "Any man on an ordinary income can look as well turned out as I do." And Frank should know whereof he speaks, for he spends almost a day a week with his tailor, studying style trends, picking out material for new suits, matching ties and shirts with the suits he already has. It's just another part of the business of singing.

Naturally most of us can't imitate this wardrobe, with its dozens of shirts, its thirty odd ties, its three overcoats and two topcoats—the ones we've described in detail under the pictures—but we can profit from Frank's experience in collecting such a wardrobe.

That is why we went to him when we wanted five plain, easy to follow rules on how to be the best dressed man in town on our present incomes. And that is why we asked him the questions we've asked you on the next page. Study his replies. Therein lies the real secret of good dress.

What is the proper wardrobe for a man?

Here is Frank's answer: "A man should have at least two business suits, two overcoats, one of which can be lightweight and can serve as a topcoat, a tuxedo, an afternoon suit, full dress for evening, two hats and three pairs of shoes."

"I include in the list, evening dress or "tails" and the afternoon suit—two things most men don't consider necessary. However, I feel sure that in a year or two the tux will never be worn after dinner. "Tails" are rapidly becoming very popular.

The afternoon suit or morning suit—is something which can be used Sunday afternoons and Sunday nights, at informal receptions, at cocktail parties or teas. And my suggestion to the man who feels he cannot afford this is to make sure that one of his business suits is dark. Then, with a pair of striped trousers to go with the coat, he has a complete new outfit—an afternoon suit."

How much should it cost?

"That of course," Frank told us, "is largely dependent on personal income. My own wardrobe, for instance, would be out of the question for the ordinary business man. My business suits cost $125 each. My overcoats $150. My evening dress $175. And that is inexpensive for a professional.

"But no matter how small the salary, a man should pay $40 for a business suit. This is only a matter of economy. In the long run it is less expensive than a so-called bargain suit. And he should have two suits at this price. His overcoat—$45; his tuxedo—the same; his tails—$50; his topcoat—$35.

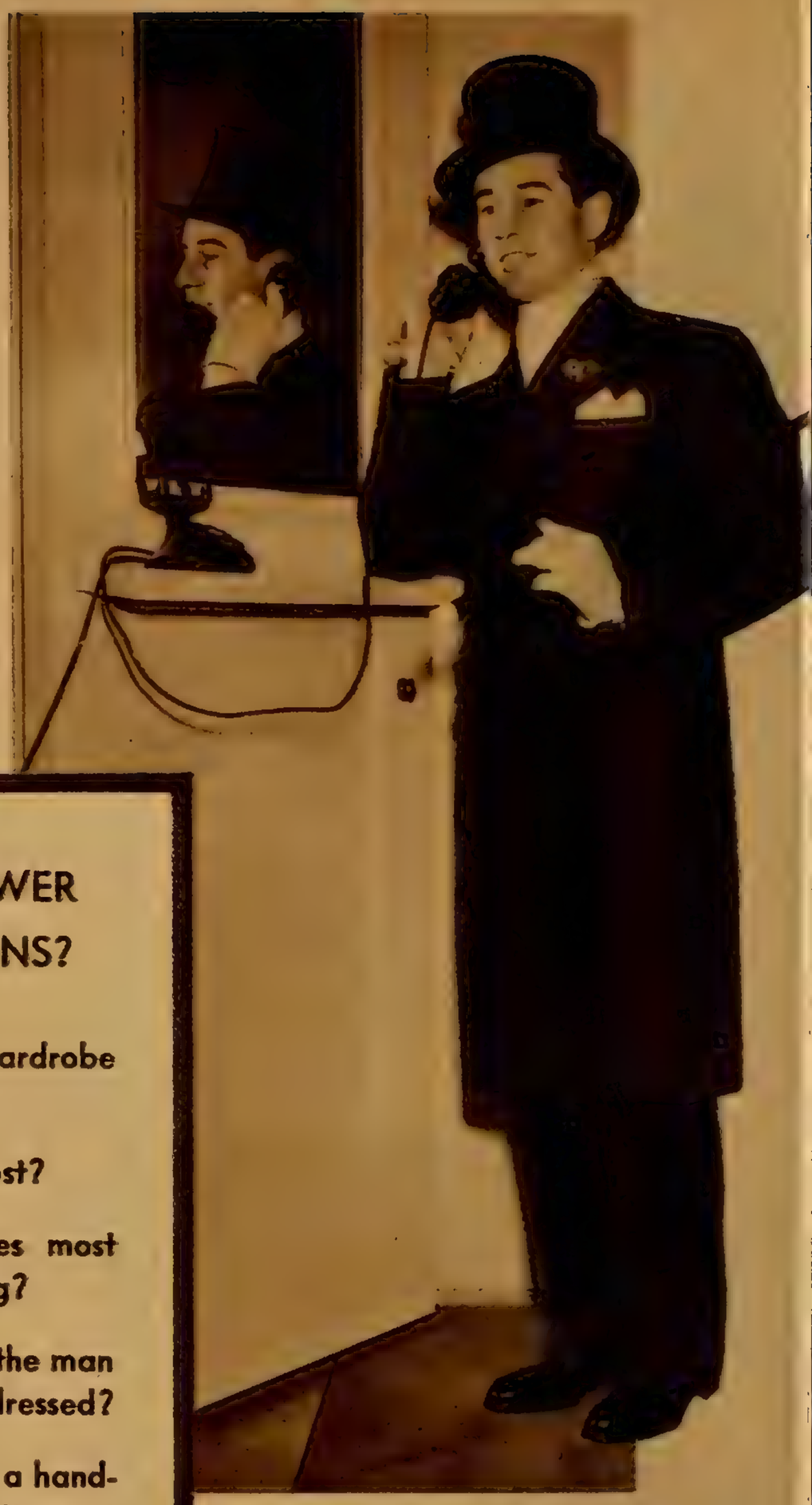
"Now we come to shoes and shirts and hats. Shoes at $8 give the best value. Shirts from $1.50 to $2.00. Hats—good ones too—at $5. That covers the list, except for ties at a dollar. The total: between $300 and $350.

What are the mistakes most men make in dressing?

"The choice of their accessories—their shirts and ties, the shoes they wear, the hats, the socks. That is why I say that any man with two or three suits can look very well dressed.

"More important than the number of suits is the proper use of shirts and ties. By changing accessories every day the effect of a whole new wardrobe can be obtained. And most men overlook this simple fact. If they change their shirt one day, they try to get along with the same tie. Or perhaps they wear the same shirt and just put on a different tie.

"Then they don't realize the importance of their shoes. No man can look properly turned out if his shoes need shining. They are the key to the whole appearance. If they are kept shined, they will last longer and look newer, too. Neat shoes will set off the whole ensemble."



Frank Parker's formal evening suit. The coat is high-waisted, the tails extremely long. Extreme right, we have Beau Brummel himself, evening topper and all, ready for an evening of heigh-ho.



CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

What is the proper wardrobe for a man?

How much should it cost?

What are the mistakes most men make in dressing?

How can a woman help the man she loves look well dressed?

Should you wear: spats; a handkerchief in your suit coat pocket; garters; polish on your nails; a derby?

Frank Parker is heard on the Jack Benny program. See page 53—7 o'clock column; also A. & P. Gypsies, page 53—9 o'clock col.

How can a woman help the man she loves look well dressed?

"Generally, a woman is a better judge of colors and ensembles than a man. When he goes shopping for shirts and ties, he should make a point of having his sweetheart or wife, as the case may be, come along to help him in his selection.

"She should also see to it that he changes his shirt and tie every day. By making the suggestion in the right way she can point out to him that he doesn't look as well as he might, something he is prone to overlook.

"I say, by all means take a woman along when buying clothes."

Should you wear: spats; a handkerchief in your suit coat pocket; garters; polish on your nails? A derby?

"Although I personally do not wear spats, they are all right—if a man can stand the razzing he is likely to get from his friends.

"He should certainly have a handkerchief in his coat pocket. This is very important, because it helps so much in breaking up the solid color of the ensemble. I still wear a handkerchief with a tux, although the stylists say that is no longer correct.

"I don't know that there is much to be said about garters. Any man by this time should know (*Continued on page* 79)

MARRIAGE *broke her heart!*

The touching story of Ramona—married at seventeen, filled with hopes and dreams of love and a career

"WOMEN are out of luck. Once you've set your heart on making a career for yourself, you can be pretty sure your personal life will suffer," Ramona, singing pianist with Paul Whiteman's band, said to me.

There were shadows under her dark blue eyes, and her face bore the look of a woman who has struggled hard to hold the happiness she longed for, only to fail. For years Ramona refused to talk about her marriage, knowing only too well how the ugly whispers of gossip-mongers had wrecked other marriages along the White Way and Radio Row. When writers asked her if she had ever been married, she shrugged her shoulders and said she had been too busy to marry. It was a white lie and a gallant one, told in the hope of saving her marriage from shipwreck.

But the thing she feared has happened in spite of anything she could do about it, and there is no reason now for not telling the whole truth about her marriage, and why it crashed. She and Howard Davies, whom she married when she was seventeen, were divorced recently. And all the bright gossamer dreams with which she entered that marriage are gone now, like unsubstantial bubbles.

Perhaps you remember the glorious, glamorous story of their charming romance? In its very charm lay the menace to its lasting, for where is the girl who at seventeen can wisely choose the man whom she will love when many years have passed and her standards have changed a great deal, and her life with them?

Ramona was a convent-bred girl. Naturally she didn't know many men. "Even when I got a job with Don Bestor's band," she told me, "my family made him promise that he would take good care of me. He did. When drinks were offered at a party, he'd say: 'I'll mix Ramona's. I know just what she wants.' And I never got anything stronger than lemonade. He was perfectly grand to me, but I resented being watched over like a baby."

Then she met Howard Davies, who played in Don Bestor's band. They were drawn to each other immediately. The first thing that attracted her to him, Ramona confided to (*Continued on page* 88)

To hear Ramona, tune in on Whiteman's Music Hall broadcast Thursday nights. See page 53—10 o'clock column.

by ETHEL CAREY



WHAT'S NEW

Up-to-the-minute news, interesting chatter and gossip about radio stars

Wide World



Mary Pickford's weekly radio visits have now become a welcome event. Left, "America's Sweetheart," leaving court after securing her divorce.

JIMMY WALKER, New York's self-exiled Mayor, is a definite radio possibility this Spring. The former Chief Magistrate of the metropolis is returning soon to his beloved Broadway and when he does he will probably take to the air for a national advertiser at plenty of dough per broadcast.

Jimmy, whose personality has endeared him to legions of admirers despite the collapse of his administration and his flight to Europe, is regarded as a natural as a broadcaster. His nimble wit and ability to turn a nifty wisecrack on any and all occasions assure him a large audience.

The advertising agency which was working out the details of the Walker contract when we went to press plans to present him in a Will Rogers type of program. Only the betting is Walker will make an also-ran out of Will for the cowboy-philosopher has slipped badly in recent weeks, apparently devoting little time to his air appearances.

RADIO ROW hears that the boy king of Yugo-Slavia may broadcast in America via the short waves. The promoters seeking a sponsor for him promise the proceeds will not go to the child monarch. They are to be devoted to charities in America, the intent being to build up good will here for the Balkan state by so doing. It sounds rather fantastic, this project, but before you laugh remember anything can happen in radio—and does.

WHEN we went galloping to the printers the New York Theatre Guild had an agent scouting the advertising agencies for a sponsor to back their plans to put one-hour dramas on the ether. This high-brow organization, the acknowledged leader among American theatrical producers, controls the rights to hundreds of excellent plays. The idea is to condense them for radio and project them with Theatre Guild casts, which means the best in the business. With the Theatre Guild on the job maybe the radio drama will get somewheres at last.

BARBER'S itch isn't fatal, according to life insurance statistics, but it is proving fatal to Alexander Woollcott's disposition. A sufferer from that irritation, The Town Crier has been quite curt of late with autograph hunters and others who beset him after a broadcast. A gushing young thing demanded his opinion on honesty the other night. "My dear lady," snapped the Cream of Wheat sage, "when a man talks much about honesty it is like a woman boasting of her purity. I'm suspicious of both!"

MORTON DOWNEY is no longer under the management of the CBS Artists Service Bureaus but on his own.

Hyman Fink



The "Hollywood Hotel" maestro, Ted Fio Rito and the Missus (left) at Santa Anita races in Calif.

The rumored engagement is now a fact. The newly affianced Dick Powell and Mary Brian (below)

Wide World





ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

He quit Feb. 1st. The parting was quite sad, for Morton was the first performer to enlist under the banner of Columbia's employment department when it organized. As you know Downey is now whistling and warbling for Carlsbad salts on NBC, aided and abetted by Guy Bates Post as narrator.

GOOD old Charlie Winninger has been restored to radio, as was inevitable when he left to join a Broadway musical. Charlie is alternating with Will Rogers on the Gulf program but most fans would like to see him back in his old rôle as Captain Henry of the Show Boat. Not that Frank McIntyre isn't good in the part but Winninger seems born to it. Which, in a way, he is, considering that as a member of the Five Winningers he got his early training as an entertainer on show boats.

AS was to be expected the new Gilbert and Sullivan series on NBC won instant approval. And why shouldn't it, with Harold Sanford conducting and a cast that includes such air favorites as Muriel Wilson, Walter Preston and Fred Huffsmith? Some of the radio commentators ascribe this G. & S. revival to the success of the D'Oyly Carte Company on Broadway early this season. They forget that NBC did a Gilbert and Sullivan series in 1929, another in 1931 and again in 1933.

CHEER up, fans, Jessica Dragonette hasn't deserted you even though she is off the air for the month of March. Jessica is simply getting a well earned rest while Countess Olga Albani pinch-hits for her on the Cities Service concerts. The Countess has substituted for Jessica before and always does a swell job, too.

William Haussler



There's nothing like a comfortable arm chair and a good magazine after a broadcast. Here's Jack Denny (right), popular bandleader, at his leisure.



Wide World

Will Rogers, left, was recently voted Los Angeles' most valuable citizen for 1934. He's here being presented with a gold watch on the occasion.

WHO is the author of this quip: "A nudist is a man who has burned his britches behind him." Frank Black, boss musician of NBC, wants to know, admiring it as "the finest definition of a Nudist I have yet heard." He asked the conductor of this column if we knew the identity of the genius who gave it birth and we had to acknowledge our ignorance although we were familiar with the quotation. As service is our middle name we are passing this query on to our readers. Any one knowing who first said or wrote this priceless line please communicate direct to Frank Black, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

THE MONITOR MAN SAYS

Mary Pickford will retire from the air at the conclusion of her present contract. One reason is the difficulty of finding plays adaptable both to radio and her requirements. Another is her desire to do a picture . . . By the time you read this **Robert Simmons** should be contributing his voice to a Broadway musical . . . **Leon Belasco** has a collection of screen star's autographs insured for $25,000. (*Continued on page* 66)

Chicago COAST-TO-HIGH

By CHASE GILES



Chicago's unusual musical combination is the trio which presents "Melodies of Yesterday". They are Sara Ann McCabe, soprano, Margaret Sweeney, harpist, and Herbert Foote, organist.

"Love me, love my dog." The Spanish Don Mario takes up the question with Jean Muir out Hollywood way. Don is in the Maybelline show, "Penthouse Serenade."



AT least once every winter Chicago gets a good blizzard which ties traffic into knots.

Radio artists in the Chicago NBC studios mopped snowy brows as they stumbled into the Merchandise Mart for their programs and worried over the problem of returning home and getting back for their broadcasts the following day.

The Maple City Four took no chances. They appeared on the scene in full dress at noon lest the blizzard keep them from returning home to dress for the Sinclair Minstrels. Art Van Harvey, Vic, and Billy Idelson, Rush, barely reached the studios in time for the Vic and Sade rehearsal after battling the snow and wind.

Amos 'n' Andy made certain they'd get on the air by coming early, recalling a blizzard of several years ago when they were caught at the Blackstone Hotel. Correll had to return to the office to get the script, while Gosden went directly to the studio. Unable to get a taxicab, Correll finally talked a private motorist into taking him part way and bribed a coal truck driver with ten dollars to take him the rest of the way. He burst into the studio just as the theme song was being played. "Where have you been?" asked Gosden. "Don't talk to me for an hour," answered Correll, and they went on the air.

DR. E. E. Fress, eminent physicist and authority on noise, wanted to find out just how noisy the noisiest city in the United States was. And in true style Chicago came to the front. The Columbia Broadcasting System installed microphones in Times Square, New York, outside North Station in Boston, at 14th, and F Street in Washington, at Market and 13th in Philadelphia and at State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Chicago won the dubious distinction by a comfortable margin. Next in order of running were Boston, Washington, New York, and Philadelphia. Now what do you think of that?

GEORGE OLSEN'S first engagement in Chicago was at Marshall Field's store. But he didn't appear as a musician. No, sir. He was a salesman behind the basement counter and they paid him $11 a week!

BOTH Art Kassel and Pat Kennedy who broadcast together noontimes over Columbia were orphanage boys. That's why both are always so glad to appear gratis for special parties given orphan and cripple children.

FICTITIOUS characters which radio artists make up for their acts don't always remain fictitious. Take for instance the Dora Seeley who was the brain child of Clara, Lu 'n' Em. In their broadcasts the girls showed Dora to be a bride who had furnished her home with the kind of antiques the girls were afraid to sit on. Clara remarked in (*Continued on page* 62)

COAST LIGHTS *Pacific*

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

No, she isn't Kate Smith. She's Helen Guest whose soft ballads are wafted on the air via KFI, Los Angeles.



Here's charming and vivacious Ruth Durrell. Some of you may recall her pleasing soprano voice on "Sunday Night Hi Jinks," broadcast over KFWB, from the Coast.



WONDER what April Fool's Day will bring out here on the Coast in the way of bizarre programs concocted to give the public a thrill?

'Tis ten years since KFI staged the gag of having a tenor-announcer "shot" in the studio. Then they went off the air. Telephone lines, wire services and the mail ran the boys ragged for a couple of weeks, while the public tried to figure out whether somebody actually got bumped off or whether it was an April First performance.

Why, some of the people who take their radio seriously actually thought one of their favorites had been murdered and the press was covering up the crime.

Then there was the time that some of the lads at KGFJ rigged up a microphone from the ladies' rest room to a janitor's closet so they could get an earful.

Luckily they didn't hook it to the studio line for the public to hear. But maybe that was just because nobody thought about doing it.

TALKING about gags. What do you suppose Freeman Lang, that ace of announcers for theatre premieres, has done? He invites folks to go shooting on a fishing expedition!

But it isn't so crazy as it sounds. He has rigged up one of those clay pigeon trap shooting gadgets on the bowsprit of his big power cruiser. While the craft jogs down into Mexican fishing waters, his guests can do a little 20 gauge rifle practice.

SUCH is fame. Rush Hughes, m. c. on the NBC Shell Show on the Coast, has been selected as among the twenty-five most interesting people in the country today. That is, in the opinion of the students at the public school in little Buena Park, California.

YOU'D expect Morey Amsterdam, comic on Al Pearce's frolic, to do this. When he had a birthday the other day, he wired his parents to congratulate them on having such a swell boy. I shouldn't be surprised if he even sent it C. O. D.

HERE'S a tip for disgruntled radio people. Take the boss down to Mexico and fill him full of tamales, enchilladas and chile con carne.

Salvatore Santaella, music director of KMTR in Hollywood, barged out the front door in a huff and phoned that he was all through with the joynt.

At the end of three weeks he was still out. So the big shot in the station made an arrangement to meet "Sally" down in Mexico for a peace parley.

They filled up on Mexican edibles, maybe even some Mexican fire water, and cemented (or plastered) up all difficulties. So now everything is well, and the diminutive but energetic baton wielder and classic piano purveyor, is back at the old job again.

(*Continued on page 62*)

Cooking á la KATE SMITH

DID it ever occur to you that a popular radio singer who gives excellent advice to amateurs anxious to make a hit over the radio, can also teach professional wielders of the batter spoon and frying pan? Kate Smtih—the genial, mellow-voiced air hostess, who has taken so many newcomers to radio under her wing can show any full-time chef a thing or two about cooking!

That kitchen of Kate Smith's is an inspiration to any housewife. Kate loves to cook and loves to talk about her favorite recipes. She bakes the most delicious cakes and pies and she doesn't treat the substantial foods lightly! Here are some of the recipes she gave me. If you want to prepare an especially good meal that can be cooked in one dish, place this before the hungry family—large or small:



Come into your favorite stars' kitchens each month and find out just what delicacies they like best and just how they or their cooks prepare them.

Does your cake ever flop? Is your pie crust heavy? Tell me your troubles and I'll try and help you. Just write to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., today.

Our own Kate Smith is one of the few stars who really love to fuss over a hot stove. And can she bake! M-m-m, does that look good!

OLD ENGLISH BEEFSTEAK PUDDING

1 cup suet chopped fine
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Enough water to make the dough stiff
2 lbs. round steak cut into small pieces
1 onion
1 slice of bacon

Roll out the dough. Line an ordinary crock bowl with the dough, saving a piece for the lid. Place on the steak an onion cut fine and a slice of bacon chopped fine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill the bowl with water, placing a dough lid over it. Moisten it around the edges, pinching the lid on firmly. Cover the whole with a piece of white cloth drawn tightly over the top of the bowl. Plunge it into a pot of boiling water and allow to boil vigorously for four hours.

These canapes make an excellent appetizer and a portion of the salad given here, will please the most critical of salad hounds!

DANISH CANAPES

Cut stale bread in one-quarter inch slices and shape with a round cutter, about two and one half inches in diameter. Work the following ingredients into a paste:

2 tablespoons of butter Cream Chutney

Toast the shaped bread on one side and spread the untoasted side with the above mixture. Garnish with filets of anchovies arranged lattice fashion over the top.

LAKEWOOD SALAD

1 Grape-Fruit
2 Oranges
¾ Cup White Grapes
⅓ Cup Pecan Nut Meats
Romaine Salad
Red Pepper

Cut the grape fruit and oranges in sections and free from seed and membrane. Skin and seed the grapes. Cut pecan nut meats in pieces. Mix prepared ingredients, arrange on a bed of romaine, pour over dressing and garnish with thin strips of red pepper.

For the dressing mix four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon of vinegar, one teaspoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one eighth teaspoon pepper and one tablespoon of finely chopped Roquefort cheese.

For the bridge tea or supper, this quickly-made dessert is especially good:

PINEAPPLE CREAM

2 Cups Water
1 Cup Sugar
Grated Pineapple
2 Cups Cream

Make a syrup by boiling sugar and water fifteen minutes. Strain, cool, add pineapple and freeze to a mush. Fold in the whipped cream and let stand thirty minutes before serving. Serve in frappe glasses and garnish with candied pineapple.

Kate Smith also gave me recipes for Pumpkin Chiffon Pie, Lemon Pie and Avacado Salad. These are her specialties and Kate's friends will tell you how good they are. I'll send them to you if you will follow the instructions given in the next paragraph.

Have you a cooking problem? I'll try to help you solve it. Or have you run out of ideas for new and different dishes? The new recipe booklet has unusual nutritious menus in which brazil nuts are used. If you have never tried such dishes, write me in care of the RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and you may have the booklet.

By JOYCE

Beauty á la GLADYS GLAD

CLEOPATRA may have been a famous beauty, but none can deny that the charming hostess of Penthouse Parties, Gladys Glad, who reveals here her secrets of how to keep the body beautiful, can take her place among the chosen beauties of our time.

As I sat in her little sitting room, I marvelled at her clear complexion and the graceful poise of her slender body. "How do you do it?" I asked her.

"In the first place, a happy frame of mind is absolutely essential if those tell-tale lines of worry and care are to be erased from the face," said the popular beauty adviser. "A dissatisfied or unhappy expression is bound to show and rob a woman of her charm. So, if you want to attain beauty of face and feature, the first requisite is: *Keep the corners of your mouth turned up!*"

When I saw the proof of what this creed had done for Gladys Glad, married to the well-known newspaper columnist, Mark Hellinger, I promised myself that I would recommend it to all women.

"Eight hours' rest every day —and I mean every day," is another one of her rules. "This length of time for sleep is absolutely essential to relax the body and ward off the lines of fatigue."

"Don't stay up late three or four nights in the week and hope to catch up on that sleep you should have had. There are some things we simply must give up, if we want those sparkling, clear eyes and smooth skin.

"Daily exercise for a short period of time," Gladys continued, "keeps the body limber, and walking is the best outdoor exercise, so far as I am concerned."

Gladys never neglects these daily walks, even on rainy days. This is a good time to give the face a rest and forget the rouge, powder and lipstick. Gladys told me she takes her walking time as a stimulant and never loiters.

"Are there any other outdoor exercises that appeal to you as especially good for curve control?" I asked.

"Golf, to me, is an interesting and helpful game, but I never strive to make a good score or take my errors too seriously. This is the way I believe all games should be played—just for fun."



The former Ziegfeld beauty is now hostess of those Penthouse Parties heard Wednesday nights at eight over NBC.

What every woman wants to know—the newest beauty secrets. How to take care of her complexion. How to preserve the health of her hair. What shades of powder and lipstick to use for her particular type.

Write to Joyce Anderson, 1926 Broadway, New York, for advice on your beauty and diet problems.

You are all anxious to know about Gladys Glad's diet. Well, it isn't exactly a diet—just a sensible selection of plain foods that nourish without fattening. Listen to Gladys:

"I am one person who really likes spinach! I frequently order a large portion of it, either plain with lemon juice, or creamed, and this will sometimes constitute a meal for me. Very often I have prepared for me my special dish of vegetable stew with a tomato base, which I prefer to more elaborate dishes. I drink a great deal of tomato juice and milk—alternately."

"Meat I do not eat very often, but when I do, a lamb chop is more appetizing to me than squab; boiled chicken is more satisfying than the most tempting roast duck. Mixed green salad with French dressing flavored with garlic is a dish I love. The health foods, especially the cereals, form a large part of my diet."

"How about desserts?" —I could not resist the question. Personally, I often wonder if every woman has to give up the pleasure of eating luscious cakes and juicy pies as I do, in an effort to reduce the ample curves.

"I neglect desserts for a month," was her answer, "and then eat them every day for a week, not only because I think every system requires sweets at times, but because I crave them occasionally."

And here is Gladys Glad's treatment for keeping her skin "baby soft" and just as free of large pores as the skin of a baby.

"I do not believe in experimenting with too many creams," she said. "I get one that suits my skin and use it faithfully. At night, after I have removed the mascara from my eyelashes, I apply cold cream to my face. After I have wiped off this cream, I wash my face in warm water with a bland soap—one that is kind to the skin. Then I rinse my face in warm water and cold water, and recream it. The second application is always more effective. My favorite astringent is then applied, closing the pores and healing any skin blemishes."

Do you want to know the astringent which Gladys Glad uses? You can learn what it is free of charge, if you send your request to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed enelope.

ANDERSON

Behind the Scenes of the New HALL of FAME

by NORTON RUSSELL

"Club Romance" is on the air! Do you want to become a member—get in on the inside? Then come along and join us in a visit to CBS's new show



At the extreme right is a typical get-together view of the entire cast. Right, the prima donna, Lois Bennett, who sings with thoughts of some day buying a farm for her youngsters.

WANT to watch a radio broadcast tonight as a sponsor would see it and sit in the special spectators' booth reserved for them? Okay, then step into that enclosure which looks like a miniature cabin of the Graf Zeppelin. Throw your hat and coat on a chair and take a quick look around.

Dead ahead is the stage with its backdrop of soft white, fat pillars. You see it through double glass, slanted windows. Back over your shoulder is the audience. You can't hear 'em whisper or applaud. Your booth has been sound proofed. The program comes through that loudspeaker in the wall at your left.

You're in the remodeled 45th Street Avon Theater which CBS has called Playhouse Number Two. It seats close to two thousand people. Ready? The red stand-by signal is flashing thirty seconds to go. The new Hall of Fame is on the air!

The melody swings up, full tempo. The band is grouped in a half circle on the deep stage. Don Voorhees—glasses, flying hair—is directing. You stare hard as you begin to recognize the cast. Something strangely familiar about it, isn't there?

Ah! You remember. There's Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett. And Adele Ronson. And Voorhees. Yes, they're all here. But they're on NBC's Gibson Family program, too. Right, you are seeing another of radio's strange phenomenons. Almost an entire cast—same band, same soprano, same baritone, same double—has been borrowed for this new program.

Let's get on with the show.

Lois is at the left as you face the stage. Her red hair shines softly in the pastel colors of the footlights. She taps a tiny foot, her blue eyes fastened on the announcer at the mike. It's David Ross, short, as bristling as a Prussian general. You hear his voice coming through the loudspeaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the new Hall of Fame, presented by the makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Club Romance is on the air."



The players, above, are David Ross, announcer, Lee Patrick, newcomer to radio; Adele Ronson, the speaking heroine, and Conrad Thibault, baritone and hero. Below, Don Voorhees' soft music helps put the show over.

For the Hinds Honey and Almond program, "Club Romance," see page 51—8 o'clock column.

Your eyes travel past the announcer, past the folding chairs which string out across the stage. They stop a moment and rest on Thibault. He seems happy tonight. His long New England face is spread in a genuine grin. Probably thinking of his salary check for this new program.

BUT who's that other red-head? You swing back and look again for Lois. Yes, she's right where she was. The second red-head you've just seen is Lee Patrick, newcomer to the radio fold. Good looking? Swell figure? Good voice? Sure, or how else could she have had a leading rôle in the successful stage play, "June Moon"? Incidentally, she's been a newspaper woman and a magazine columnist, too. She's not singing tonight, just reading lines.

And that tall young man with the slightest trace of a moustache near Lee Patrick? You don't recognize him, though his pleasant voice strikes your memory chords hard. He's what press agents call radio's most romantic actor. Who is he? Ned Wever, for three years on the True Story hour, in stock before that, in Broadway hits, and just back from a Paris vacation.

He reads lines too and talks back to Lee. These two provide the light comedy relief for the more serious singing of Lois and Conrad.

Lois has just finished a song. She pulls up her dress, dodges around the choral group, and speeds into the wings. Adele Ronson is already at the mike. She speaks for Lois when the song is over. Go ahead and wave to her. She's looking this way, smiling. See (*Continued on page 77*)



What Do You Want To Know?

JUST at the moment I'm sitting at my typewriter. My eyes keep straying out of the window to watch the fascinating snowstorm. The question in my mind is "are we really going to have a big blizzard?" And the funniest part about it is that when you read this, the snow that has been diverting my attention right now will be a thing of the past. See here, I better get down to business or I may have to be doing some tall snow shovelling. Now, let's see, there's—

Miss Helene W., Clearwater, Fla.—"Aphrodite" is the name of the theme song of "Today's Children." It's played by Bernice Yanacek. Boldi's "Chanson Bohemienne" is Vic and Sade's theme song and Larry Larsen plays it. You can tell your friends that the Three C's are white. Their real names are Walter, John and Peter Clitherow. Thanks, Helene, for waiting so patiently for your answers. But you know what they say about patience and its reward.

Miss Evalyn P., Seattle, Wash.—Well, I finally got some information for you on Vernon Craig. He's 23 years old. He hitch-hiked his way from Miami to Chicago in search of a job and then scored a hit at a Chicago loop theatre. Vernon was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, studied for the ministry one year and then decided to become a singer. He's about five-foot seven, stocky, weighs around 175 pounds and has dark brown hair.

Robert S., Waco, Texas.—I believe the program you referred to is "Professor Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten." The program is still on the air. Only the time has been changed. You can now hear it over the NBC-WEAF network on Saturdays from 5:00 to 5:30 P. M. CST.

Harold L. B., East Greenville, Pa.—So far as I can ascertain, the Sinclair Minstrels were never on the air for more than a half hour. You may be thinking of the Wiener Minstrels which were on for an hour over station WENR back in 1931. By the way did you enjoy the article on the Sinclair Minstrels in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR?

Suffolk Fans—Nick Dawson's birthday is May 3rd—I couldn't find out the year. Elsie Hitz is not married to the artist, Jack Welch, although that is her husband's name. Jerry Cooper is 26 years old. Here's quite a bit I picked up for you on Jan Garber. He was born in Indianapolis, went to school in Louisville then to University of North Carolina where he formed a jazz band. Was a member of the Philadelphia Symphony and then came la guerre (the war). Later fiddled in dance orchestras; was fired when he took one too many days off for his honeymoon. He's still happily married, a successful bandleader and plays golf for recreation.

Mrs. William S., Greensburgh, Pa.—The instrument used in the Phillips Lord Country Doctor programs was a zither. At this writing, Bob James is not on the air. The last thing heard of him is that he was Advertising Manager of a large department store in Evanston, Ill.

M. B., Loogootee, Ind.—Last heard of Fran Frey—he had a program "Fran Frey's Friday Frolics" over station WOR in New York. Bobby Brooks left Jan Garber's orchestra last September and went back to dear old Texas. Lee Bennett, one of the three singers with Jan Garber, used to be a radio announcer in Lincoln Nebraska. One night one of the singers failed to appear. At the last minute Bennet took the part. Jan Garber heard him in Omaha and was impressed enough to offer him a job. I'm sorry but there's no information available on the other two singers, Lew Palmer and Fritz Heilbron.

J. J. Lou—Frank Parker is five feet ten inches (*Continued on page* 83)

Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about players and programs answered

This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today and try for the big prize!

"OUR PUBLIC" is becoming more radio conscious every day. We can tell that by the letters we have been receiving. Your comments, suggestions and criticisms are most interesting and helpful and we know that radio officials, radio performers and sponsors eagerly await your letters every month in the RADIO MIRROR magazine to find out what you all have to say. How, then, can they tell if their programs are good or bad? You see, listeners, you are the jury! And maybe you don't think that they have profited by your frank and sometimes perhaps brutal opinions. They sure have. Won't you write and tell us if you have found an improvement—or tell us what you don't like? Remember, twenty dollars for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best and one dollar each for the next five selected.

Send your letters in not later than March 22, to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York.

Here are the winners for this month—

$20.00 PRIZE

HERE it is, the letter about radio advertising to end all letters about radio advertising!

The radio public is fair enough to realize that advertising plays an important part in any program. The chief causes for complaint come from the length and dullness of the "spiel." Radio fans enjoy advertising if it's brief and original. Those little skits on Fred Waring's hour are especially pleasing, but even a straight announcement is enjoyable if it is witty or concise. Witness the plugs in Town Hall Tonight. And of course, Jack Benny's style of kidding the sponsor is always delightful.

As to the number of ads—a fifteen minute program is worth two plugs; a half-hour, three; forty-five minutes, four, and an hour program three short skits and two brief announcements.

If the sponsors will play fair with the fans, they'll find we'll meet them half-way. We're always willing to listen to short and clever advertisements.

HANSFORD MARTIN,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

$10.00 PRIZE

UNLIKE the movie house, the theatre, opera or concert hall, the radio has no price of admission or definite seating capacity by which to judge the size of its audience. This modern miracle of the twentieth century boasts no ears to lend to the manner in which its offerings are received. Its very ability to give but not receive, which makes us the fortunate recipients of the most diversified entertainment in the world free of charge, is a serious handicap to the sponsors. The popularity of a program depends on the fan mail received and this mail at best is only a very small percentage of the vast assembly of hearers that listen daily to the radio. This works a hardship on all concerned, and if wishes were horses I would have the matter remedied at once. I have been forcibly reminded more than once of the lack of proper response, when a favorite program of mine leaves the air to be replaced by another that does not appeal to me in the least. Then it is that I wish I had sent the penny postcard I always intended to write but never did.

May I now present my sincere appreciation of the Lux Radio Theatre and the Palmolive Beauty Box programs. The Hollywood Hotel hour and the fifteen minutes offered by Fels-Naptha's Tom, Dick and Harry are good for the lighter mood. Not forgetting Alexander Woollcott, nor our old friend Will Rogers, each in his own line the best of the besta. Now you know I like Ben Bernie and I may as well confess I like Jack Benny, and of the crooners, Bing Crosby. Frances Langford and Ramona are my favorites among the singing ladies.

MRS. ERNEST DINWIDDIE,
Crawfordsville, Ind.

(*Continued on page 57*)

What Do You Want To Say?



are singers sissies?

EDWARD NELL USED TO THINK SO!



He resented his destiny, chose another profession— but read what happened!

By AMELIA SCOTT

Edward Nell sings on the Forum of Liberty program. See page 51—8 o'clock column.

When Edward Nell's father came to Indianapolis as a young man looking for a job, he turned to selling cigars from an open buggy pulled by an aging, disconsolate horse—selling them by the box to street peddlers who could not afford bigger orders.

It took years of laborious saving and self sacrifice before he could open a studio for voice instruction—his life dream—and by then he had married and Edward Nell, Jr., was over six years old.

He came home one night to his little family, his face wreathed in smiles. He had, it seems, met one of his old customers, an Italian peddler, whom he had not seen since he had quit selling and opened his studio.

"Nell, whata you doing theesa day?" the peddler had demanded.

"I'm teaching people how to sing," was the proud reply.

"Well," the peddler shrugged, "a man gotta do anyting dese days to earn a living!"

Seven-year Edward Nell had been listening, his eyes glued on his father. He could see nothing to laugh at when the story was over. And he never forgot what the peddler had said—a man has to do anything these days to earn a living.

As he grew older and could realize that his father's dream in life was to see his son some day a popular and much acclaimed singer, he began to resent his destiny. More and more it seemed to him a lady's job, singing for a living.

Surrounded by music, he learned to play the piano, he sang in church, and he studied the banjo, until—ready to graduate from high school and now husky, broad shouldered, an athlete—he actively rebelled.

"Dad," he explained one day, "I want to go to college and study engineering. I don't want to go on with music and singing. That's no man's job, only sissies live that way."

Nell's father, although he saw his fondest hopes go glimmering, smiled and nodded his head. And Ed Jr. went to Purdue University, enrolled in the Freshman class of engineering, at his father's expense.

"I GUESS I had visions of building bridges over mountain rivers in South America," Edward Nell explained to me, stretching out comfortably in a deep upholstered lounging chair and looking proudly about at the penthouse apartment his singing has brought him.

"The turning point—though I didn't know it at the time—was the day some of the seniors in the fraternity I had joined learned that I could sing. They dropped into my room and suggested that I become a member of the University glee club. My protests and their arguments could have been heard a block away. It was touch and go until they stopped arguing and turned to their paddles.

"And that's how I found out that singing isn't any job for sissies. I don't mean because of the paddling, but because I did join the glee club and later the band, just before it went on its annual road tour."

What Nell saw at rehearsals of the glee club opened his eyes. They were like any professional group of performers going through long hours of strenuous, throat-straining work.

Personal vanity, too, took a (*Continued on page* 82)

Dialing the Short Waves

TIPS FOR TUNERS

by TERRY MILES the Globe Twister



IF you really want to hear foreign stations, you must listen at the *right time.*

This does not mean that you must merely tune-in whenever they happen to be on the air. You must also pick hours when atmospheric conditions are most favorable for long distance short wave reception.

To do this, figure the time not only in your locality, but also in that of the city you want to hear. For example, when it is twelve o'clock noon, Eastern Standard Time, it is 5:20 P. M. in Amsterdam, Holland; 6:00 P. M. in Berlin, Geneva and Rome; 1:00 P. M. in Buenos Aires; 5:00 P. M. in London and Madrid; 11:00 A. M. in Mexico City; and 7:00 P. M. in Moscow. It is already the following day in Hongkong and Shanghai, where it is 1:00 A. M., in Yokohama, 2:00 A. M., and in Auckland, 4:30 A. M.

Radio waves travel differently at night than in the daytime. They go up from the aerial of the transmitter and strike a strata of ionized atmosphere known as the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer, from which they are reflected to earth—and to your antenna. This layer, under the action of the sunlight, sinks lower in the daytime and rises at night. Its height regulates the distance which radio signals are likely to "skip".

Then, too, the atmosphere surrounding the earth becomes ionized, rendering it a better conductor of electricity, under the action of the sun. When it is in this condition, much of the strength of the radio waves leaks away to earth, and the signals therefore lack something of their maximum carrying power.

Therefore, you are most likely to get good reception of distant foreign stations when there is a belt of darkness extending from the transmitter to your receiver—or over as much of that area as possible.

There are exceptions to this rule, caused by the shifting of the Heaviside Layer, and only experiment will enable you to find the best condition for the reception of any given short wave station.

Another tip is:—Turn your knobs and dials slowly. Many of the newer sets do not whistle when you are tuning-in a signal. Weak signals from distant stations will therefore be missed if you rotate the controls of your set too rapidly.

Simply adjust the regeneration or volume control knob to the point of greatest signal strength. Then look in your newspaper, to find the wave-length or frequency of whatever foreign station you want to hear. Finally turn the tuning knob to that setting, and move it slowly over a few scale divisions on either side. When you hear something, readjust the sensitivity or volume control for the clearest signal, retune if necessary, and—listen.

Ear-phones are useful adjuncts in picking up weak signals. Many which are not strong enough to move the big diaphragm of your loud speaker, will be strong and clear on the head-phones.

While many short wave or all wave sets are equipped with binding posts or jacks to make the connection of head-phones easy, other models are not. Your local radio dealer can supply you with an adapter to plug into one of the tube sockets to enable you to use phones in addition to the speaker. These devices usually sell for about a dollar, or less. Should you prefer, a permanent connection can be installed easily and cheaply. If you do this—or have it done—a jack will be more convenient than binding posts, permitting you to plug the phones in or out in an instant.

SHOULD you care to do the job yourself, be sure to insulate the jack, should your set have a metal panel or chassis. If you want the speaker to be working at the same time as the phones, simply get an open circuit jack and connect it across the primary of the second audio amplifying transformer. Should you prefer to have the speaker silent (with a corresponding increase of volume in the phones) get a three-prong, closed circuit jack. Break the lead between the primary of the second audio transformer and the power supply, and connect the shortest prong of the jack to the part running to the transformer. The part running to the power supply connects to the other prong of the jack, which makes contact with the plug when it is inserted. The frame of the jack may then be connected to the plate of the first audio tube, which remains connected to the transformer. Then the insertion of the phones will cut off the speaker—and your family will be able to sleep while you sit up and listen to Japan.

If your set tunes too broadly, a fixed or variable condenser can easily be connected in series with your lead-in, provided you are using an ordinary antenna. In most cases, a .00025 mfd fixed condenser will be satisfactory, but where tuning is entirely too broad—as when you hook a short wave set to a broadcast antenna—a .0001 mfd. may be better. If you want something a bit more effective, use a .00025 mfd. variable condenser. This will enable you to control the degree of selectivity simply by turning the knob. Also, signals of many of the higher frequency stations will be greatly strengthened and improved by the use of the condenser which, in effect, shortens the antenna to a closer approximation of the length of the wave being received.

Similarly, a doublet antenna which is out of balance may be corrected by the addition of a variable condenser in series with the half which has too great capacity.

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC		
WABC		
WADC	WDOD	WHEC
WOKO	KRLD	KTSA
WCAO	WBIG	KSCJ
WNAC	KTRH	WSBT
WGR	KLRA	WMAS
WKBW	WQAM	WIBW
WKRC	WSFA	WWVA
WHK	WLAC	KFH
CKLW	WDBO	WSJS
WDRC	WDBJ	KGKO
WFBM	WTOC	WBRC
KMBC	WDAE	WMBR
WCAU	KFBK	WMT
WJAS	KDB	WCCO
WEAN	WICC	WISN
WFBL	KFPY	WLBZ
WSPD	WPG	WGLC
WJSV	KVOR	WFEA
WBBM	KWKH	KOH
WHAS	KLZ	KSL
KMOX	WLBW	WORC
		WBT
		WDNC
		WALA
		KHJ

COAST		CANADIAN
KOIN	KFBK	CKAC
KGB	KMJ	CFRB
KHJ	KMT	
KFRC	KWG	
KOL	KERN	
KFPY	KDB	
KVI	KHJ	

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard. Subtract one hour for Central time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

12 NOON - 1 P.M.

12:00
Salt Lake City Tabernacle: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WNAC WGR WFBM KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KLZ WCCO KSL WWVA

12:15
The Gumps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WKBW WFBM KMBC WFBL WSPD WJSV WHAS Plus WBNS KFAB WCCO WHEC WNAC plus Coast

12:30
Romany Trail: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and Network
Five Star Jones: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WNAC WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW KMBC WABC WCAU KMOX WBT KRLD KLZ KSL KHJ KOIN KFRC

12:45
George Hall Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

1:00
Church of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. Network
George Hall Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WHK CKLW WFBM KMOX WFBL WSPD WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT KLZ WBIG WORC KTRH KLRA WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WLAC WDSU WCOA WDBJ WHEC KSL KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBX WSJS WKRC WDNC KVOR KTSA WTOC WSBT KOH KOIN KVI KOMA KOL KGB WHP WDOD

1:30
Little Jack Little: Sun. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WDRC WEAN WSPO Plus KRLD WBT WOWO WCCO
Esther Velas Ensemble: Tues. Sat. ½ hr. Network

1:45
Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel: Sun. Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WNAC WDRC WEAN WFBL WKBW Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL WMT CFRB WFBL Plus Coast

2:00
Lazy Dan: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WOKO WGR WSPD Plus Coast Plus WOWO WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL WMBG WMT WDBJ WHEC WIBW
Marie, The Little French Princess: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV KRLD KLZ WDSU WHEC KSL KHJ KFBC KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KWG

2:15
The Romance of Helen Trent: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV KRLD KLZ WDSU WHEC KSL KHJ KFRC KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KWG

2:30
Hammerstein's Music Hall of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WOKO WGR WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WBT KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL WIBW WBNS

2:30
The School of the Air: Every school day ½ hr. Network
The Round Towners: Sat. ½ hr. Network

3 P.M.

3:00
New York Philharmonic: Sun. two hrs. WABC WOKO WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WFBM WJAS WSPD WJSV Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WPG WWVA WBRC Plus WREC WHP WMBD WSFA WDSU WBNS WIBX Plus Canadian
Your Hostess, Cobina Wright: Mon. ½ hr. Network
Columbia Variety Hour: Tues. ¾ hr. Basic minus WNAC WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WIBW WWVA KSL Plus Canadian Plus WNOX WHP KOMA WHAC WMBG WDSU WBNS WREC WIBX
Kate Smith: Wed. ¾ hr. Basic minus KMBC WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary Plus Canadian Plus WHP KOMA WDSU WBNS
Roadways of Romance: Thurs. ¾ hr. Basic minus WNAC WKBW WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY WMBR KSL Plus WNOX WHP KOMA WNAC WDSU WBNS Plus Canadian
Modern Minstrels: Sat. one hr. WABC and network

For newspaper romance, with the deeds of a reporter's wife thrown in, hear the new Five Star Jones. It comes in every week day at exactly twelve thirty. . . . Easy Aces back to NBC.

4 P.M.

4:00
Visiting America's Little House: Mon. Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
National Student Federation Program: Wed. ¼ hr. Network

4:15
Tito Guizar: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus WCAU WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus WDAE KFBK KDB KFPY WPG WIBW KGKO WCCO Plus Canadian Plus WHP WMBG WORC WNOX WDSU WBNS WREC
Curtis Institute of Music: Wed. ¾ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KOIN WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT KVOR WBNS KRLD WSMK KLZ WDNC WBIG KTRH KLRA WFEA WREC WALA CKAC WLAC WDSU KOH WDBJ KTSA KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBX WMT KFH WSJS WORC WNAX WOC WKBN WKRC KGB KOL WHAS KVI WTOC KOMA WACO WNOX WDOD KDB WHP
Salvation Army Band Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

4:30
Chicago Varieties: Mon. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM KMOX WHAS Plus Supplementary minus KGKO Plus Canadian plus WMBG
Dick Messner: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX WCAU Plus Supplementary minus KFBK WPG KLZ KFPY KVOR Plus Canadian

5 P.M.

5:00
Open House, Freddie Martin: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLD KLZ WBIG KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WHEC KSL KTSA WMAS WIBW KTUL KFH WORC WKBN
Og, Son of Fire: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB CKLW WJAS WCAO WBNS WKRC WGR

5:15
Skippy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WBBM WHAS KMOX WADC WNAC WFBM KMBC Plus WAAB WHEC CFRB

5:30
Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WNAC WKRC WBBM WKBW Plus WAAB WICC WDSU KOMA WHEC WBNS WMAS WWVA KFH WORC WIBX KTUL
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KMOX WBBM WHAS WCAO WNAC WFBL WKRC WDSU WFBM KMBC Plus WAAB WHEC WMAS

5:45
California Syrup of Figs program: Mon. Tues, Wed. Thurs. Basic
Fascinating Facts with Art Dickson, baritone: Sat. ¼ hr. WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC CKLW WDRC WABC WCAU WEAN KMOX WJSD WCCO WMBG WHEC WMAS

COLUMBIA BROAD-

6 P.M. | 7 P.M. | 8 P.M. | 9 P.M. | 10 P.M. | 11 P.M. | 12 MIDNIGHT

6 P.M.

6:00
Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU WHEC KSL CFRB

Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC
Pinaud's Lilac Time: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus W K B W W K R C WBBM WHAS KMOX Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KFPY KLZ WMAS WMBR KSL Plus WHP KOMA WNAX WNOX WDSU WBNS

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN WHEC WMAS

6:30
Smiling Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus W G S T WLBZ WBRC WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WWVA WICC WORC
The Shadow: Mon Wed. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W D R C WCAU WEAN WFBL WJSV WHEC WORC
Understanding Music, Howard Barlow: Tues. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO W K B W W K R C CKLW WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WNOX WBRC WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WLBZ WBT WDOD WLBW WBIG WHP WGLC KLRA WFEA WSFA WLAC WDBJ WHEC WTOC WMAS WWVA WSJS WORC WDNC WALA WHK WMBR WMBG WDSU WREC WCAU WAAB
Shell Products, Eddie Dooley: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and Network

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WFBM Plus WAAB WOWO WBT WCCO WWVA
Wrigley Beauty Program: Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN

7:00
Alexander Woollcott: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ WCCO KSL CKLW
Myrt & Marge: Mon. Tues Wed Thurs Fri ¼ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM WKBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA
SoconylandSketches: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WLBZ WICC WMAS WORC

7:15
Just Plain Bill: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

7:30
Gulf Headliners with Charles Winninger: Sun ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WHK CKLW WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE WGST KLRA WFEA WREC WALA WLAC WDBJ WLBZ WBRC WBNS KRLD WBIG KTRH WHEC WMAS WWVA WORC WKBN WDSU KTUL WACO WKRC WJSV WBT WHAS WDOD WJSV
The O'Neills: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WGR WORC WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WHP W H E C W M A S WWVA WORC
Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade: Sat ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WBBM WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL CKAC CFRB

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues Wed Thurs ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBT WCCO WDRC WEAN KRLD KOMA WFBL WKRC

Biggest news of this month is publicity report that Charley Winninger, returned to radio on the Gulf Headliners as Will Rogers' alternate, will soon take over his old post on Showboat. Neither Charley nor the sponsors of his former program have enjoyed his departure from radio. . . . Smiling Ed McConnell, longtime Cincinnati favorite, has recovered from winter sore throat by a protracted vacation in Florida. . . . Boake Carter hasn't missed a day at the Hauptmann trial.

8:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr! Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast
Diane and Her Life Saver: Mon. Wed. ¼ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus KLZ KSL
Lavendar and Old Lace: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WKBW
Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO CKAC WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL KTSA WIBW CFRB WMT WORC
Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus a supplementory network
Roxy and His Gang: Sat. ¾ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WDOD KRLD KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO CKAC WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL KTSA WIBW CFRB WMT WORC

8:15
Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WKBW plus WCCO

8:30
Club Romance: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary Plus Coast
Kate Smith's New-Star Review: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary
Melodiana, Abe Lyman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic Plus W O W O WCCO CFRB
Everett Marshall: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHK Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW WCCO WHK
Forum of Liberty, Liberty Magazine: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO
True Story Hour: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBM WKBW Plus WCCO WOWO WHEC WORC KFAB

Diane and Her Life Saver, twice a week show at eight o'clock, features Rhoda Arnold, lyric soprano, who has appeared on every type of program offered by CBS network—cathedral choirs, light opera, grand opera, recitals, now light musical comedy. From Chicago and work at Brevoort Hotel as singer, she made debut in New York in 1931.

9:00
Ford Symphony: Sun. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary Plus WNOX WKBH WGST WBNS WDSU W N A X W K B M WACO KTUL WIBY WOWO KWO Plus Canadian
Chesterfield Hour: with Lucretia Bori, Lily Pons, Andre Kostelanetz; Mon. Wed. Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR Plus Supplementary minus KFPY KVOR WSBT WWVA WGLC Plus WOWO WGST WBNS WHP WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO W N A X W K B H K G M B W M B D WNOX WIBX WCOA WNBF
Bing Crosby: Tues. ½ hr Basic Plus Coast Plus WOWO WBT KTUL WGST KLRA KTRH KTSA
CamelCaravan: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic Plus Supplementary minus KFBK KDB KFPY KVOR KLZ WSBT WWVA KGKO WGLC KOH WDNC KHJ Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WOWO WDSU KOMA WMBD WMGB KTUL WACO WNAX WKBM
The March of Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus KMBC Plus Coast plus WOWO WGST KRLD KLZ WCCO WDSU KSL

9:30
The Big Show: Mon. ½ hr. Basic Plus WOWO WICC WBT WBNS KLZ KFAB WREC WCCO CKAC WDSU KSL
Isham Jones, Chevrolet: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast Plus a Supplementary network
Adventures of Gracie: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBIG KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSA WORC WOWO
Fred Waring: Thurs. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH
Richard Himber, Joey Nash - Studebaker: Sat. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS WNAC WGR Plus WAAB WGST WBT WCCO WBNS WDSU WSBT KFH

10:00
Wayne King, Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB W K B W W B B M WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WDNC WKBN WBIG WHP KTRH WFAB KLRA WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD KOH WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL KTSA WTOC KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBW KTUL WIBX WACO WMT KFH KGKO WSJS WORC WNAX
Camel Caravan: Tues ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC W K B W W B B M WKRC WHK CKLW W O W O W D R C WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY K W G K V I W P G WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WBIG WCCO WDSU WCOA WHEC WIBX WBNS WMBR WOC WDNC CKAC WSBT KOH WBRC KTSA KGKO WHP WTOC WMBD KGB WDOD WACO WNOX KOMA WFBL KTRH WFEA WMT KMBC KLZ WALA WDBJ KRLD

10:30
Captain Dobbsie's Ship of Joy: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Saturday Revue: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WDRC WJAS WEAN WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WICC WBT WBIG WCCO WDSU WCOA WHEC WIBX WBNS WMBR WOC WDNC CKAC WSBT KOH WBRC KTSA KGKO WHP WTOC WMBD KGB WDOD WACO WNOX KOMA WFBL KTRH WFEA WMT KMBC KLZ WALA WDBJ KRLD

10:45
Emery Deutsch: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

Grand Opera has come back to the Chesterfield series with a rush. First Lucretia Bori, longtime Metropolitan star, then Lily Pons, famous coloratura soprano, were signed. Reports come in as we go to press assuring us that Richard Bonnelli also will sign, rounding out the three programs for the week. Kostelanetz with his arrangements of popular music remains, despite complaints from Harvard students that opera and jazz don't mix.

11.00
Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard: Fri. WABC and network

11:30
Leon Belasco Orchestra: Sun. WABC and network
Gus Arnheim Orchestra: Mon. WABC and network
Johnny Green Orchestra: Tues. Sat. WABC and network
Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard: Wed. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts For Western Listeners:

11:00
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. W B B M W F B M KMBC WHAS KMOX KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC KRLD KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL
Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions: Sat. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

11:15
Edwin C. Hill: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

11:30
Kate Smith's New-Star Revue: Mon. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL
The Camel Caravan: Thurs. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KVOR KOH KSL

When Frances Langford was no longer connected with Colgate House Party show, she struck out for California, auditioned and was taken on as blues singer for the CBS Hollywood Hotel hour. Jane Williams, contest winner, no longer is billed, will probably be dropped before this issue is on the newsstands. At ten thirty on Tuesday and Thursday, CBS brings new program, Captain Dobbsie's Ship of Joy, and that's all we can tell you about it at present.

CASTING SYSTEM

BLUE NETWORK

12 NOON

12:00
Gigantic Pictures, Inc.: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Fields and Hall: Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15
Blue Harmonies Trio: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Merry Macs: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network
Genia Fonariova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30
Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network
National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Hour—Network

1 P.M.

1:30
National Youth Conference: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Words and Music: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

2:00
NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. ¾ hr. Network

2 P.M.

2:00
Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHAM plus WKBF
RCA Matinee: Wed. 1 hr. Network

2:15
Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

2:30
Lux Radio Theater: Sun. one hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ WWNC WBAP WJAX plus Coast plus WLW WIBA KFYR WDAY KTHS WFAA KTBS WTAR CFCF

2:45
Echoes of Erin: Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

3 P.M.

3:00
Radio Guild: Mon. Hour—Network
Art Collins Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
Castles of Romance: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Marine Band: Fri. one hr. Network

3:15
Joe White, tenor: Wed. ¼ hr. Network

3:30
National Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. Network

Sam Hearn who is the star of Sunday's Gigantic Pictures, Inc., at noon, has become one of radio's most acclaimed stooges. Short, light reddish hair, genial smile, a little paunchy, is good description. So far he has had most fun out of role of Schlepperman on Benny's Jello Program seven hours later on the same day. . . . Blue Harmonies is new trio at 12:15 Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

4 P.M.

4:00
Jolly Coburn's Sparton Triolans: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus. KSO KWCR WREN Plus Coast Plus WOAI WLW WFAA WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC

4:15
Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Eddie and Ralph: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr Network

4:30
Carlsbad Presents Morton Downey: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WJR WGAR KWK
Rochester Civic Orchestra: Wed. one hr. Network
Platt and Nierman: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Blue Harmonies Trio: Fri. ¼ hr. Network

4:45
Jules Lande's Orchestra: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

Sparton Triolans, featuring leader Jolly Coburn, has come back Sundays at four. Coburn and his band are co-featured in Manhattan's swank Rainbow Room with the titled comedienne, Beatrice Lillie. The afternoon program is supported by Harold Van Emburgh.

5 P.M.

5:00
Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. Network
Your Health: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
George Sterney Orchestra: Sat. ¼ hr.

5:15
Jackie Heller: Mon. Tues. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network
The Three Scamps: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

5:30
Cook's Travelogue: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WFI WCKY
Singing Lady: Mon. Tues, Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW

5:45
Terhune Dog Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus Coast
Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Plus WRVA WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF WIOD

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ	WSYR	KWCR	WPTF	KPRC
WBAL	WHAM	KSO	WTMJ	WEBC
WMAL	KDKA	KWK	KSTP	WRVA
WBZ	WJR	WREN	WWNC	WJAX
WBZA	WENR	KOIL	WKY	WFLA
	WGAR		WBAP	WOAI
				WLS

COAST

KOA	KGO	KOMO
KDYL	KFI	KHQ
	KGW	

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF	WWJ	WGY	WEEI	WHO
WTAG	WLW	WJAR	KSD	WMAQ
WBEN	WSAI	WCSH	WDAF	WOW
WCAE	WFBR	WLIT		WTIC
WTAM	WRC	WFI		

WESTERN

KSTP	WEBC	WKY	KVOO	WBAP
WTMJ	KPRC	WOAI	WFAA	KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD	WIS	WJAX	WSB	WAPI
WFLA	WPTF	WMC	WSM	WAVE
WWNC	WRVA	WJDX	WSMB	

CANADIAN

CRCT	CFCF

COAST

KHQ	KGO	KOMO
KDYL	KHJ	KFI
KOA	KGW	

NATIONAL

3:00

Sally of the Talkies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WTIC plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI

3:15
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE WSMB

3:30
Penthouse Serenade, Don Mario: Sun. ½ hr—Basic plus Coast
Dreams Come True: Mon. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
Willie Bryant Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
The Sizzler's Trio: Fri. ¼ hr.
Weekend Review: Sat. Hour—Network

Something new is the Swift Program, at two thirty on Sundays, in place of Frank Luther, scheduled in last month's Program Guide. It broadcasts from NBC's Chicago studios. . . . New time for Vic and Sade, Oxydol's Ma Perkins.

4:00

Rhythm Symphony: Sun ½ hr. Basic minus WCAE KSD WHO WOW plus Southern minus WWNC WIS plus Coast minus KHQ KHJ plus WIBA WEBC WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KFSD WKY
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr.

4:30
Harry Reser's Spearmint Crew: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WFBR WLIT KSD WHO WOW
The Jesters Trio: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network
Arlene Jackson, songs: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
NBC Music Guild: Fri ¾ hr.

4:45
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WHO WOW
The Lady Next Door, Madge Tucker: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr.—Network

Another Sunday newcomer is Harry Reser and his Spearmint crew at four thirty. No stranger to radio audiences is Reser who has conducted on some of the most popular programs in the past.

5:00

Sentinel Serenade: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WMC WSB WSM WAVE WTMJ WEBC KFYR WIBA plus Canadian
Kay Foster, Songs: Mon. Sat. ¼ hr. Network
Meredith Willson Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Network
N't'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

5:15
Tom Mix' Ralston Shooters: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WFBR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW

5:30
The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP plus WTAR KTHS WVAX KSD plus Canadian
Sugar and Bunny: Tues. Thurs., ¼ hr.
Alice in Orchestralia: Wed ¼ hr. Network
Interview, Nellie Revell Fri. ¼ hr.
Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

5:45
Ivory Stamp Club Captain Tim Healy: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLW WLIT plus WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

RED NETWORK

12:00

"The Story of Mary Marlin": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLIT plus KYW plus coast
Armchair Quartet: Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:15
Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

12:30
University of Chicago Discussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Merry Madcaps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri Sat. ½ hr Network

1.00

Dale Carnegie: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus K S D W O C WDAF WMAQ WOW
People's Lobby: Sat. one hr.

1:15
Peggy's Doctor: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WJAR W C S H W F I WFBR WGY WBEN

1:30
Little Miss Bab O: Sun. ½ hr. Basic
Master Music Hour: Tues. 1 hr.
Airbreaks: Thurs. ½ hr.

2:00

Immortal Dramas: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and network
Revolving Stage: Mon. ¾ hr.
Two Seats in the Balcony: Wed. ½ hr. Network
Stones of History: Thurs. ½ hr.
Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Metropolitan Grand Opera: Sat 3 hrs. WEAF and WJZ Networks.

2:30
Swift Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WWJ WLIT KSD WDAF WHO WTIC
Vaughn de Leath: Wed Thurs. ¼ hr.

5:30

The House By Side of Road: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic plus WWNC WIS WPTF KPRC WKY WOAI KVOO WBAP plus WTAR KTHS WVAX KSD plus Canadian
Sugar and Bunny: Tues. Thurs., ¼ hr.
Alice in Orchestralia: Wed ¼ hr. Network
Interview, Nellie Revell Fri. ¼ hr.
Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr.—Network

5:45
Ivory Stamp Club Captain Tim Healy: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WLW WLIT plus WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING COMPANY

6P.M. 7P.M. 8P.M. 9P.M. 10P.M. 11P.M. 12 MIDNIGHT

6:00
Heart Throbs of the Hills: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Angelo Ferdinando Orchestra: Tues.Sat. ½ hr. Network
Education in the News: Wed. ¼ hr.—Network
William Lundell Interview: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Jack Berger Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network

6:15
Orchestra: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. Basic plus Coast plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC

6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Plus WLW CRCT WJAX WFLA CFCF WIOD WRVA

More 7:00 Programs

7:15
Morton Downey: Tues. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBAL WSYR KWK plus WFI WKBF WCKY

7:30
Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic

7:00
Jack Benny: Sun. Basic Plus Western minus WWNC WBAP WLS Plus WKBF WIBA KFYR WIOD WTAR WAVE WSM WSB WSMB KVOO WFAA KTBS WSOC WDAY WMC
Amos and Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus KWK KWCR WREN KSO KOIL — plus CRCT WRVA WPTF WIOD WFLA WCKY

7:15
Vicks with Willard Robison: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WGAR WREN
Gems of Melody: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic

7:30
Baker's Broadcast, Joe Penner: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic plus Western minus WWNC WBAP Plus Coast Plus WSMB KVOO WFAA
Red Davis Series: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR Plus Western minus WTMJ WBAP WLS Plus WIBA WIS WIOD WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB KTBS WTAR WAVE WSOC WKBF KOA KDYL WLW WFAA

7:45
Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO
Ruth Etting: Thurs. ½ hr.WJZ and Network

8:00
General Motors Symphony Concert: Sun. one hr. Basic minus WENR plus WCKY
Jan Garber: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus Coast plus WLS WLW WKBF
Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
Penthouse Party with Mark Hellinger: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR WGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE
Phil Cook Show Shop: Sat. ½ hr. Network

8:15
Dick Liebert's Musical Revues: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBAL WHAM WENR KWK Plus WKBF WLS

8:30
Carefree Carnival: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast
Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR KWK plus WLS CRCT CFCF
Lanny Ross, Log Cabin Orch: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBZ WBZA WENR KWK plus WLS WCKY
The Intimate Revue: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLS
George Olsen Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

9:00
Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WOAI plus WLW WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTHS
Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic Minus WMAL WENR WSYR KWCA plus Western minus WBAP KOMO KDYL KHQ KGW plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFYR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KTHS KFSD KTAR KPO
Grace Moore: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Warden Lewis E. Lawes: Wed. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLS WKBF plus Coast
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr.—Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Beatrice Lillie: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Radio City Party: Sat. ½ hr. — Basic minus WENR plus WCKY WLS plus Coast

9:30
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr.—Basic plus WLW
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic
Cleveland Symphony Orchestra: Tues. one hr.
(Continued on last col.)

10:00
L'Heure Exquise: Sun. ¼ hr. Network
Little Jackie Heller: Mon. ¼ hr. Basic minus KWK plus WCKY WLIT
Jimmy Fidler: Wed. ¼ hr. Basic minus KWK plus WLIT WCKY plus coast
Ray Noble and Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

10:15
Madame Sylvia: Wed. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WJR plus Coast plus WTMJ WRVA KSTP WEBC WIBA WCKY

10:30
An American Fireside: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Tim and Irene: Tues. ½ hr.—Network
Economic and Social Changing Order: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network
The Jewish Program: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Emil Coleman Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

For eight broadcasts the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra will entertain in hour programs, starting late in February and continuing through March. Hear one of the finest symphony orchestras in the world on Tuesdays at nine thirty.

11:00
Jack Denny Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
Hal Kemp Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr.
Leo Reisman Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr.
Dorsey Brothers Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

11:30
Emil Coleman Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr.
Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.
Dorsey Brothers Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr.
Leo Reisman Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr.

(Continued)
John Charles Thomas: Wed. ½ hr. —Basic plus Coast
Armour Hour, Phil Baker: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WPTF WBAP plus Coast plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA WAVE WCKY
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour. Basic plus WLS WKBF

And at ten! The eminent English maestro, the much-sought-after Ray Noble has a sponsored program. For half an hour on Fridays, over NBC, he conducts his orchestra.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr.—Network.
Xavier Cugat Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Network
Tom Coakley Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

6:15
Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

6:30
Armco Iron Master: Sun. ½ hr. — Basic minus WTAG WJAR WCSH WEEI WTIC plus KPRC WKY WOAI WBAP KTBS KVOO
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues.Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:45
Billy Batchelor: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WSAI WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr.—Basic minus WCAE WHO WDAF

7:00
Martha Mears: Sun. ¼ hr.
Orchestras: Mon.Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

7:15
Stories of the Black Chamber: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCSH KYW WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WSAI WMAQ
Whispering Jack Smith: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. Network

7:30
Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr.—WEAF WTAG WJAR WCSH WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW WBEN
Easy Aces: Mon. Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Molle Minstrel Show: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBEN WFI WEEI WTIC

7:45
The Fitch Program: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF WKBF
Radio Station E-Z-R-A: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WCAE WFBR WJAR WEEI KSD WTIC
Vaughn de Leath: Tues. ¼ hr.

8:00
Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild: Sun. Hour—Complete except WBAP plus KFYR WDAY
Studebaker, Himber, Nash: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus KVOO WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI plus Western minus WUAI WFAA plus Southern minus WRVA WAVE plus WKBF WIBA WDAY KFYR WSOC WTAR
Mary Pickford: Wed. ½ hr.—Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFYR WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus KFYR WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour — Basic minus WMAQ plus Western minus Coast plus CRTC KOA KDYL
Swift Hour: Sat. Hour —Basic minus WHO plus Western minus KVOO WFAA KTAR plus WIBA KTBS

8:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus WFAA WBAP KTAR plus Southern minus WRVA WAPI plus WDAY WKBF WIBA KFYR WSOC WTAR KTBS
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBR plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBEN WTIC WBAP KVOO

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr.—Basic minus WBEN WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF plus Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic minus WLW WFBR WRC
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. —Basic minus WDAF plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFYR WMC WSB WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA WFI KVOO
Fred Allen: Wed.Hour —Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
Showboat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus WKBF KGAL KTBS KFSD KGIR
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Songs You Love: Sat. ½ hr.—Basic minus WHO plus WTMJ WIBA WDAY KSTP WEBC KFYR

9:30
American Album of Familiar Music: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAPI WAVE WEBC. WBAP KTAR —plus Canadian
Otto Harbach Musical with Al Goodman Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr.—Complete minus WTIC WAVE KTAR WAPI WBAP plus KTBS
Ed Wynn, Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr.—
(Continued on last col.)

10:00
Pontiac, Jane Froman: Sun. ½ hr.—Complete minus KSD KVOO WFAA plus WKVF WSOC WIBA KTHS WDAY KTBS KGIR KFSO KFYR KGHL
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr.—Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFYR WSM WMC WSB WKY
Palmolive: Tues. hour —Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFYR WSOC KGIR KFSD KGHL WKBF
Lombardoland: Wed. ½ hr. — Basic plus Southern minus WAPI plus WKBF WKY KTHS WFAA KPRC WOAI KTBS KVOO
Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. hour—Complete minus WMC (at 10:30) WFAA plus WDAY KFYR KTBS KTHS WIBA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

10:30
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. basic minus WFI WDAF WHO plus Southern plus Coast plus WSOC WTAR WKBF
Coco Cola Program: Fri. ½ hr.
Let's Dance Program: Sat. 3 hours WEAF and Network

11:00
The Grumitts, Senator Ford: Mon. Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Hotel Weylin Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr.
George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr.—Network

11:15
Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network
Voice of Romance: Tues. Wed. ¼ hr. Network

11:30
Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Network
Dorsey Brothers; Bob Crosby: Thurs. ½ hr.—Network

(Continued)
Complete minus WSAI WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTHS KFSD KTBS KFYR KGIR WKBF
Pick and Pat: Fri. ½ hr.—Basic minus WEEI
9:30
Gibson Family: Sat. hour — Basic minus WHO plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KHQ KDYL KOA KFI KGW KOMO KFYR WDAY WIBA

Enchanted Lady

(*Continued from page 20*)

over now; the microphone was removed. Mark stepped down from the stage.

"Strike up the band, boys. I'll be back."

He strolled over to Lew Littell's table. A slight frown creased his forehead.

"You shouldn't have said that, Lew. Tomorrow morning I'll be besieged by every girl in New York who thinks she has a voice!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth. At the far end of the terrace a girl rose from her seat. She made her way swiftly through a maze of tables toward Mark Hammond. Mark read the look of determination in her face, and read it correctly. He had seen it too many times in other girls' eyes.

"Good Lord!" Mark Hammond groaned. "I believe the parade has started already!"

GINGER WALLIS saw her chance, and she took it.

She did not say a word to Larry. It was as though all in a moment Larry had slipped out of her life, and Mark Hammond had entered. A vital, more personal Mark than she had ever dared to think of him before. A tiny pulse of excitement beat in her heart.

They were almost face to face. But quick as she had been to act upon Lew Littell's suggestion, another girl was quicker.

A blonde girl in a white evening gown rose from a nearby table, and thrust herself in front of Ginger.

"Oh, Mr. Hammond!" cried the blonde. "Is it really true that you are looking for a girl singer? Won't you give me an audition? I know I can make good. I have already broadcast over our local Westchester station. All I need is a break. I—"

That was as far as she got. Something flared up inside Ginger. She was so near to opportunity, and she was not going to let it escape her. She never knew where her mad idea came from. Like a bolt of lightning it was suddenly there in her brain, and she had to act, without even thinking about it.

Ginger caught hold of the blonde by one rhinestone shoulder strap.

She said loudly, "I'm sorry, but you are a little bit too late. I am to replace Frances Marsden on the Hammond program. Mr. Hammond signed me up this morning!"

In her nervousness her grip was too tight, and the fragile shoulder strap broke. The blonde wheeled around on her angrily.

"Look what you've done, you little—" Her hand stretched out in an instinctive gesture of retaliation. She caught at the ruffles on Ginger's dress. The ruffles ripped sickeningly. In an instant it was a personal fight between two girls who both wanted the same thing. Hands clutched at each other. Shocked gasps arose from the amazed onlookers. Mark himself stepped forward and parted them.

"What's the idea?" he thundered.

Ginger found herself looking up into furious dark eyes. She heard herself saying crazily, "I'm sorry to embarrass you, Mark. Lew made a mistake, didn't he? He should have told the radio audience that Ginger Wallis is to be the new featured singer with your band, and then we could have avoided a scene like this."

MARK HAMMOND and Lew Littell were looking at her as though neither one of them could believe his eyes or ears. Ginger herself could hardly believe that such a fantastic thing had actually happened. She, who had haunted the broadcasting studios begging the stars for their autographs, had called two of radio's outstanding celebrities by their first names!

The blonde girl's escort claimed her, and led her back to her table. Mark still held to Ginger's arm.

"You come along with me. I want to talk to you."

He took her into a little room off the terrace, and slammed the door.

"Now," said Mark, "what's the big idea?"

Somehow Ginger found her voice. "The big idea," she said slowly, "is that I want to sing over the radio. It's the one ambition of my life. I know I can sing, but nobody will give me a chance. Nobody wants a girl without a name. Please, Mr. Hammond, give me a try-out with your band.

"I had to say what I said or you wouldn't even have looked at me. I'd have been just one girl among hundreds. That's all I've ever been. Tomorrow it will be different. My name will be in Lew Littell's column. I shan't be an unknown any longer. That's all I need. Publicity. Don't you understand?"

"I understand, all right," Mark said grimly. "Just because you have a crazy idea you want to sing over the radio you think you can put me on the spot. Well, other girls have tried it before you, but they haven't gotten away with it!"

Crazy idea! Ginger's lips twisted. She demanded.

"Is it crazy to pin all your hopes to a dream that looks like it's never going to come true? Is it crazy to refuse to be discouraged when the odds are all stacked against you?—to seize at the last forlorn chance which offers itself?

"Oh, Mr. Hammond, you know what I'm up against. You know what it means to be down in the depths looking up at the stars. You've had your struggles, too. You can't have forgotten."

No, Mark Hammond had not forgotten his early struggles. Neither had he forgotten that this was not the first time, since his rise to fame, that a publicity-hungry girl had tried to involve him in her own scheme to achieve recognition.

Ginger said defensively, "I'm not trying to put you on the spot. I'm just out to get a break for myself. Won't you help me? All I want is the chance to prove to you what I can do."

Ironically enough Mark echoed Larry Bryan's words, but his voice was not unkind.

"My dear girl, there are thousands like you who think that they can sing. My secretaries turn them away every day. Run along like a good girl, and I'll forget about this. You'll be much happier if you are content to just be yourself. Give up the idea of becoming a star."

Ginger stood her ground. She said despairingly, "Won't you let me sing just one song for you?"

Mark Hammond fidgeted with his wrist watch. "Sorry, I haven't the time. I have to get back to my orchestra. I've been away too long now."

Ginger saw opportunity slipping away from her again. But still she did not move.

Mark's face darkened. "I shouldn't like to make any trouble for you," he hinted, "but really if you don't go—"

"Oh, all right, I'll go," Ginger said quietly. "But—"

She added surprisingly, "Would you mind giving me your autograph first?"

Mark complied, scribbling his name on a card because she had forgotten her book. Ginger went back through the terrace to Larry. Mark watched her go.

ODDLY enough he felt a bit sorry because he had been forced to let her down. There was something proud about the set of those small shoulders. Something fine about her whole personality, despite the tawdry dress.

In that very first moment when she thrust herself upon him Mark had noticed that Ginger Wallis was beautiful. But it was beauty without polish.

He saw her join the man at her table. A man, Mark guessed, who would be willing to marry the kid if she gave up her crazy dreams for radio fame. Life was funny. Mark shrugged his shoulders. Too bad, but there were too many like her.

Ginger said to Larry, "Well, I got it!" and tossed Mark's autographed card down on the table.

Larry exploded, "Why, you little idiot! Do you mean to say you made that ridiculous spectacle of yourself for the sake of an autograph?"

It was after midnight when Mark Hammond left the Berkeley. The doorman had his roadster waiting by the curb. Mark stepped inside. He was feeling moody tonight. Somehow he could not quite get that girl out of his mind.

When he stopped for a traffic light on Fifth Avenue he realized that the determined red-head was not only on his mind. She was right in the car with him. She was taking advantage of the stop to crawl out of the open

(*Continued on page 56*)



Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE WOMAN IN RED"

NRA CODE





(*Continued from page* 54)

rumble seat, and into the front seat beside him.

Mark ejaculated, "What the hell!"

Her face was white, but her eyes burned bright with excitement.

Ginger said, "All right, you can go ahead now. The light's changed."

Mark started up his car again with a jerk. "Would you mind telling me just what is the big idea this time?" he asked.

"The big idea this time," Ginger said firmly, "is that I refuse to take 'no' for an answer. I ditched my escort on the pretense of making a telephone call, and hid in your car when the doorman wasn't looking."

You couldn't help admiring the kid's courage. Mark said, "So what?"

"So I'm going to sing for you. I'm going to make you listen to me."

Mark was taken aback. "If you think I'm going to drive through New York with you singing your head off in an open car, you're—"

"Crazy?" she supplemented. "I think you told me that before. Nevertheless, I'm going to do it."

HER eyes met his defiantly. "If you try to put me out of this car I'll call a cop and say that you threw me out! You daren't risk that kind of a scandal. You'd better listen to me, Mr. Hammond."

Mark said slowly, "Okay, I guess you win!"

Late city-dwellers returning to their homes and the cops on the avenue were treated to the spectacle of a girl sitting in an open roadster, singing. Not singing her head off. Singing her heart out. To the man beside her, and the stars above. Each twinkling light in the midnight sky symbolized to Ginger a radio personality. The star she herself wanted to be, the star she was going to be.

Opportunity had knocked for Ginger Wallis, at last, and she put body and soul into her performance. She sang one popular song after another. Ginger Wallis' own interpretations of Mark Hammond's favorite songs.

Mark Hammond never said a word. He sat staring at the road ahead. His mind was bewildered. He had been prepared to accept the girl as just another youngster with too much ambition and not enough talent.

BUT this Ginger Wallis had *something!* There was a husky sweetness about her voice which tugged at the emotions. There was power beneath the sweetness, too. Most of all, she had personality. She was vivid. With the right training she might—

Ginger ended on a plaintive note. "For all we know we may never meet again—"

For all she knew she might never meet Mark Hammond again. The last chorus of her song died away, and a startled policeman stared after the disappearing car.

Still Mark had not spoken. Ginger's heart knocked unsteadily. What was he going to say? Did his silence mean that she had muffed her big chance?

She breathed, "Well?"

Mark said, "Report at the studio tomorrow at ten o'clock for an audition."

"Oh!" She could not say any more. Suddenly her throat was tight, and her eyes were misty.

Mark said, "Don't get the impression that you are going to become a success overnight. Maybe you won't even click, but I'll give you a try-out. I think you have possibilities."

All her bravado was gone. Paradise was in sight tonight, and her cup of joy was brimming over.

Ginger choked, "Oh, Mr. Hammond!" clasping and unclasping her hands ecstatically.

Her naïve eagerness was almost too much for Mark. Ginger's emotions fairly bubbled over. He had not seen such fresh enthusiasm since his own struggling days.

Mark pulled his car over to the curb, and stopped.

"Look here, kid, get a grip on yourself. You've got a long way to go before you're a star. Maybe at the end you'll find yourself wishing that you hadn't even tried. Success is like that sometimes. You've got to make yourself over. A good voice isn't enough. You've got to be a personality. You've got to be polished!"

"I'll do anything," Ginger murmured. "Anything!"

Mark said, "I have just signed a new contract with Bronstein. Starting next week I am inaugurating a brand new program. One of the biggest hours on the air. There'll be room only for the best talent—understand? If your tests tomorrow are okay, you shall make your radio debut then.

"But remember you will not be facing an unseen audience. There will also be a large, critical, visible audience in the studio, watching every move you make."

Mark dived into his pocket, and pressed some money into her hand.

"Study your appearance, and buy yourself a dress. Not one with ruffles all over it like the one you're wearing now. Something plain, to show up the whiteness of your skin. Black, I should think, with your hair."

SEEING her draw back he hastened to add, "Consider it a loan, if you like. I'll deduct it from your salary."

Mark smiled whimsically. "If you want to be a star, you know, you've got to *look* like a star!"

"Gee!" Ginger breathed impulsively. "It's been a long time since anyone was so sweet to me."

She leaned forward, and kissed the startled Mark lightly on his lips. Then, as he put her away from him, her face went scarlet at the realization of what she had done.

Mark's face was a study in embarrassment. He said gruffly, "If you're going to work with me, girl, don't ever do that again! Remember, sentiment and business just don't mix!"

Ginger did not reply. In a flash she had opened the door of the car. As suddenly as she had come she was gone again. Running, her heels tapping eerily on the quiet pavement. Dazed, Mark watched her go.

"I wonder," Mark Hammond mused. "I wonder what the future has in store for *her!*"

Now that Ginger's going to get her chance, will she muff it? Is she just another youngster with too much ambition and not enough talent? Read next month's issue of RADIO MIRROR and follow our heroine into radioland. You'll learn the secrets of the struggle for radio fame.



Wide World

Joe Penner among a group of his ardent admirers on the occasion of his recent visit to the Boys' Club of New York, on Avenue A and Tenth.

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 47)

$1.00 PRIZE

I THINK this miracle of radio is almost too good to be true. What it has done for lonely isolated people can never be accurately estimated.

The wife and mother who is too tired to seek entertainment away from her easy chair, can, regardless of threadbare dress and comfortable shoes, have the best talent in any line as entertainment. She has but to reach out and turn a button, then sink back to listen and be soothed until rest steals through her aching muscles.

If I have a criticism to make it is this. After, or sometimes before some product has given us an entertainment, a child is called upon to read a letter or say something from actual experience concerning the product. To me it never rings true. The thought steals in, maybe the letter is not authentic. Possibly it was bought. The same when a doctor voices his preference. How does one know he is a medical man of repute?

I think such methods tend to weaken the impression the product has made.

MARY BELLE WALLEY, Butler, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

MANY people appear to believe it's smart to criticize the radio programs; although very few of these critics offer any constructive ideas.

The fact is that we are getting the greatest variety of entertainment we ever had at our disposal and all for practically no cost. It is true that we must listen to some advertising talk, some of which is silly, boring and seemingly endless. Well, what of it? A little agony will not hurt anyone.

The big networks give us many fine sustaining hours, free of all advertising; there are also many sponsored programs on which there is a minimum of advertising talk. Then there are programs of only fifteen minutes duration, five minutes of which is ballyhoo; yet few of us would miss those, because of that. Take Amos and Andy for example. Although on for only ten minutes, millions listen to them.

My suggestion is to stop criticizing lest something happen that may deprive us of the wonderful entertainment that we are getting.

JULIUS REICH, New York City.

$1.00 PRIZE

MANY thanks to radio for the improvement in day-time programs. The busy housewife gets so much pleasure and assistance from some of the broadcasts.

No longer must she listen to "Little Dotty Dumbell" and the would-be clever announcer, who seemed to believe all listeners who tuned in before five, must be "talked down" to.

Helpful suggestions are welcome and first class entertainment makes the day's work easier and the hours shorter.

Please pass on my gratitude to any-

(*Continued on page* 88)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray look?* She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer . . .





The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

NRA CODE

1935, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY, LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It make skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—it keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

Woman's Greatest Power —alluring eyes

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you,* I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

M.G.-4-35

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

The Critic on the Hearth

By Weldon Melick

FRANK REVIEWS OF THE NEW PROGRAMS



KATE SMITH'S NEW-STAR REVUE—Professionals as well as amateurs can and do try out for this program. No "duds"—no gong. Kate visits a different city each week, and with a local jury auditions prospects, picking one man and one woman to take back to New York. Sponsor pays their expenses, plus a stipend for their one broadcast. James Farrell, Washington baritone discovered in this manner, has been signed by Columbia. Kate, Jack Miller's Orchestra and the Ambassador Trio furnish most of the well-balanced program.

CBS 8:30 P. M. Mon. 30 min.

BEATRICE LILLIE—Will either make you roll on the floor or smash your radio. Everybody agrees that she isn't just moderately good, but there is quite a difference of opinion as to whether she's perfect or perfectly terrible. Anyway, she's the only comedienne now on the air in a solo spot. Bee Lillie pretends to be clever instead of dumb and usually succeeds aided and abetted by Lee Perrin's Orchestra and various stooges including a "nephew" who sounds suspiciously like skippy. Bee builds some of her best gags with discreet pauses—she's the only radio entertainer who can make silence screamingly funny. We predict that Beatrice Lillie will be the big comedy sensation of the year. We may miss our guess, but we're not going to miss a single Lillie program!

NBC 9:00 P. M. Fri. 30 min.

PENTHOUSE PARTY—Fast and goofy, but not side-splitting. Stars MARK HELLINGER, famous columnist who recently took Hollywood by storm. Radio now comes in for a breeze from his wind-bag of tricks. His cutest trick is Gladys Glad (and she *is* his, legally) who foils for him and plugs the product. Mark includes a typical Hellinger story on the program, but we suspect he's obliged to save all the good ones for his newspaper column. Atrocious puns, a novelty song by clever Peggy Flynn, some swell harmonizing, Emile Coleman's Orchestra, and high-class guest talent complete the show.

NBC 8:00 P. M. Wed. 30 min.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen is devoting twenty minutes of his Hour of Smiles to a battle of amateur talent. Two or three rounds last till the gong. A couple more are knock-outs. Some kind of mechanical robot picks the winners and can do a pretty stupid job of it. Sometimes listeners kick another entry into duplicate award. First prize, $50 and a week at the Roxy. Second prize, $25. Rest of the grand show remains the same—Lennie Hayton and Troubadours, Portland Hoffa, dialect stooges, Allen's classic Town Hall News and absolutely wackey plays. One of our favorite programs.

NBC 9:00 P. M. Wed. 60 min.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS—You can still get in on a few of these, though they won't run much longer. Well staged and good voices. If you don't like Gilbert and Sullivan, you oughta be ashamed!

NBC 2:30 P. M. Tue. 60 min.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL OF THE AIR—There are always surprises on this variety bill. Many of the guest stars are old-time vaudevillians, past masters of comedy and music. Musical interludes are by top-notch guest orchestras. This all-professional program ought to click 100 per cent with those who are shouting "Down with Amateur Hours."

CBS 2:30 P. M. Sun. 30 min.

STORIES OF THE BLACK CHAMBER—Spies, murder, intrigue, centering around the room (in Washington) where ciphers were broken in war-time. An authentic serial which promises to keep you in gooseflesh three times a week.

NBC 7:15 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri. 15 min.

LILAC TIME—The latest steps described by the dance master, Arthur Murray, slowly enough so you can try them out with the encouragement of Leith Stevens' Orchestra. The Chevalier's Octet and Earl Oxford's tailor-made voice are thrown in for good measure.

CBS 6:00 P. M. Sat. 30 min.

Helen Jepson Was Just a Shop Girl Until—

(*Continued from page* 16)

if you do work behind a shop counter. The thing was not to let yourself get soured and done for.

Breakfast. Somehow, you aren't hungry. You'd much rather sleep than eat anyway, and your feet. . . . No, don't think about them. You force down some coffee and toast, not because you want it but so that the folks shan't worry about you. The folks . . . you'd do anything for them! They'd do anything for you, too, except the one thing you really want. They *can't* give you your chance. The clock creeps on to eight.

"Well . . . I'll have to be going now," you say to your mother.

"Good-bye, dear. Mind you have a nice hot lunch, and don't get tired."

"Oh, I won't . . . it's easy work, really!"

Don't *get* tired? You're tired already! Your feet. . . .

THE store. Check in your time and whisk away those cloths from the counter. The customers begin coming in early. One woman wants a certain kind of hairpin. She looks everything over, scowls, and buys nothing. A plain, motherly woman buys a washboard. You have to climb up on a ladder to lift the boards down, but you don't mind troubling when a customer smiles at you as kindly as that! A stout woman wants a corset. You measure it over her coat, and she steps on your foot . . . Tape, towels, glassware . . . At least your sales-record makes a good showing. That holds your job safe. Lunch time at last.

Four of the girls go to lunch at a soda fountain, because it's cheap. They talk about boys and dances. Helen is strangely quiet, and they tease her, good-humoredly enough.

"How come you weren't at the dance last night?"

"Oh . . . I was busy."

"Yes, I know. Busy! I bet you were at the library again, looking over that music magazine with the songs in it. You and your singing!" They all know that Helen sings, but nobody takes it seriously. The talk runs on.

"If I had a million dollars, I'd buy me a palace in Florida and never work again in my life."

"I'd get married, and run a grand house, and entertain. . . ."

"I wouldn't. I'd cut loose and see the world."

"I . . . I'd give half to my folks, so they'd never have to be pinched for money again, and then I'd find myself the best music teacher . . ." Helen stops short. That one thing, creeping into every thought. Well, she mustn't let it; what's the use of thinking and thinking. . . .

Back to the store. This afternoon, a man comes to the counter. It isn't often that men come shopping alone, in midweek. He makes a slight purchase, and then says he'd like to talk to Helen a



You'll never know how
BEAUTIFUL
you can be!

UNTIL YOU DISCOVER
THIS SECRET OF
MAKE-UP!

It isn't enough, today, that the color-tones of your various cosmetics match your own skin. The important thing is that they *match each other!* Powder, rouge and lipstick should be of complementary shades, so harmonized that they achieve a perfect Color Ensemble.

That's what you get when you use OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids. Regardless of which shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you can be sure of finding an OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Rouge of the *same tonal quality.*

No clash of colors! No cheap, gaudy effect! Your make-up is free of all artificiality... *natural.* OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids not only make your skin seem lovelier than ever before, but because of their exclusive Olive Oil base, they *protect* it, too!

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

POWDER

The *only* face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet clings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! No orris root! 7 smart shades.



ROUGE

Smooth and satiny in texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Lasts for hours. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.



LIPSTICK

Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating skin-tints.



TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 41-D
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

moment, privately. He is opening a new shop on Main Street . . . a music shop! He knows Helen is keen on music, and he has observed her charming deportment behind a counter. How would she like to come with him and run his record department? He mentions a salary. It is three dollars a week more than she's getting now! Tonight she flies home. Her feet aren't tired, they seem to have wings! Everything has wings! She's going to get a raise of three dollars! She's going to sell *records* . . . the records the Jepsons can't afford to buy and that you had to make excuses to hear, at some neighbors! Oh, the world never seemed such a wonderful place!

THAT was the beginning of Helen Jepson's musical career. First of all, she *gave herself* the music lessons she longed for, by imitating the records she sold! Then, she began saving her money, penny for penny. Scantier lunches; fewer clothes; no luxuries. After two full years of painful economy, she had scraped enough together to take her to Chautauqua for a few summer weeks. Everybody said that was a funny sort of vacation for a shopgirl to take! But Helen wanted to find out what professional musicians thought about her voice.

What the professionals said dizzied her! They told her she must give up all other interests and work hard, *because she had it in her to become a great artist!*

Her next step was to try for a scholarship at the great Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

Helen Jepson did not win one scholarship at Curtis; she won five. For five consecutive years, she was taught by the greatest masters and coaches in the world. She entered Curtis with only shop-clerk experience. She left it, ready to take her place on any music platform in the world. But while her schooling was free, she had to earn the money to live. So she used her summer vacations as earning periods, and never lost touch with the routine of hard work. One year, she went on a tour of the Chautauqua circuit. Another year, she went back to Akron, and sang for the people who had bought tape and washboards from her. When she was graduated from Curtis, though, she had a contract to sing with the Philadelphia Opera . . . she tells you it seemed hard to believe all the wonderful things that were happening to that tired little shopgirl!

In Akron, Helen hadn't been overly interested in boys, because the boys she met seemed far apart, somehow, from her real life of music. But at Chautauqua, she met George Possell, the distinguished flautist, who was playing some concerts there. And then she knew that something was happening to her that was more important than any music. She had fallen in love. At first, though, it didn't seem as if he were taking any special notice of her. He was twelve years her senior, and a prominent musician. The little music student didn't think she had much chance of interesting him. Then, during her last year at school, Possell appeared in Philadelphia and asked her to marry him. They went to Europe on their honeymoon, and as soon as they returned, Helen made her operatic début, in Philadelphia, with John Charles Thomas. She had her training, she had love, she had a chance . . . it seemed as if all the little shopgirl's dreams were coming true!

AND then, all of a sudden, the bright hopes faded, and disappointments loomed up that were even more crushing than those she had faced five years before. The Depression had set in. The Philadelphia Opera closed. Singing jobs were scarcer than Wall Street profits, and unknown young beginners like Helen Jepson were facing a most heartbreaking situation.



Homer Van Pelt

The old maestro visits his old friend at Warner's studio. Ben Bernie is getting an earful of Al Jolson's latest picture, "Go Into Your Dance."

But her old gallant courage came to her rescue again. There were no jobs to be had? All right, then . . . there was something else to do! She stayed at home, kept house and cooked for her husband, and went through the one experience she wanted more than any other in the world . . . motherhood. She has a charming little daughter of two, who is her chief delight in life. And she enjoyed those difficult years, she tells you! They gave her a foundation in the human art of home-making! (She still wants to be a great singer, but it's no longer her greatest ambition . . . that greatest ambition is, to watch her daughter grow up into fine womanhood.) But all the while she cooked and cleaned and tended house, she kept up her studies with Queena Mario, of the Metropolitan Opera.

It was radio, of course, that gave Helen Jepson her first big break. After trying . . . and failing! . . . at a number of auditions, she was given a chance as guest artist on one of Rudy Vallee's revue hours. And that one appearance convinced, not merely studio officials, but the entire listening world! Suddenly, overnight, the name of Helen Jepson had come to mean something. She was engaged as star of the Whiteman hour. Like a modern Cinderella, she was lifted in one night from humdrum disappointment, to glamorous fame.

And this time, fame was to grow. After a few months in radio work, she was given an audition at the great Metropolitan Opera. When she came out of it, the presses of the nation were humming with the news of an American small town girl, who was the first woman star ever to be engaged for leading rôles at the "Met", with only radio experience!

SO much for her career. How about her as a person? What has happened to the little shopgirl of the Akron days? The girl who dragged herself wearily out of bed, and longed for a chance at bigger things? I can tell you. She's come every step of the way with this new star. Helen Jepson hasn't forgotten her. She doesn't want to. She speaks readily of the past, and feels that she's still the very same girl.

Glamor hasn't dazzled her. She's a real person! Simple in her tastes, she prefers deep-sea fishing and outdoor sports to night clubs, but her best fun is playing with her little daughter! Only last month, on a train, a splinter of steel flew into her eye. She fulfilled her engagements, returned to New York, and consulted an eye specialist, three days later. He had to remove the bit of steel with anaesthetics and instruments. Later, he aske dher how she had been able to stand the pain.

"I didn't have time to think about it," she laughed. "There was work to be done!"

There you have Helen Jepson . . . a gallant girl who has known what it is to stand on the side lines, making dreams, and who has fought her way into the land of dreams-come-true through sheer grit and strength of character but who was once, eight short years ago, just a tired little shopgirl!



"Why does my polish always look chipped and faded?"
"Probably, my child, because you are NOT using Glazo — and Glazo's only 25 cents."



GLAZO OFFERS 3 New Aids to Fingertips

A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE

6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES

2 TO 4 DAYS' LONGER WEAR

and Now only 25c



Put inferior polish on your fingertips—and watch beauty slip out of your fingers.

Why experiment with carelessly-made nail polish . . . brands that are made to sell, not to last . . . when Glazo costs you only 25 cents?

There's a flattering new lustre about Glazo that lasts 2 to 4 days longer, and doesn't chip, crack, or fade. Day or night, each of Glazo's six lovely shades is timed to the last tick of fashion. An exclusive color chart package tells you your best shades. And Glazo, with its new metal-shafted brush, is lots easier to apply . . . and not a bristle can come loose.

Another thing . . . if you value your nails . . . use Glazo Polish Remover. No acetone . . . and special oils make it non-drying. Only 25 cents, the same as Glazo's better new Cuticle Remover.

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GT-45
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred)...
☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

_____

_____

IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN *NO* TIME!



Thousands Now Get Safe Relief from Indigestion, Skin Troubles, "Nerves" with this Pasteurized Yeast

DO you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized* yeast. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(*Continued from page* 40)

one broadcast that she couldn't send Dora a waffle iron as a wedding present because Dora's husband had already given her one. Out of a clear sky came a letter from a real Dora Seeley, a dealer in antiques at Ambler, Pa. And when the real Dora had been married just a short time before the broadcast her husband really had given her a waffle iron!

AS a joke some friend sent Don Ameche's name into one of the lonely hearts clubs. And now Don, who is happily married, is getting letters like this:

"Adorable little college student sensible and sedate, yet full of pep and has a big warm heart full of love. Age, 18, five feet four inches, 130 pounds. Boys, she's a dream. Anxious to hear from nice young man who wants a real pal."

THE Spanish Don Mario seems to have learned a trick from our Irish constabulary—"play with the child to win the nurse." While in Hollywood recently he became acquainted with Jean Muir, film actress who has a pedigreed Scottie. He and Miss Muir enjoyed a long chat about their favorite subject—dogs. Don Mario is one of the reasons the Maybelline show, "Penthouse Serenade," is so popular out Chicago way

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANHEINK owns one of the most remarkable autograph books in the world. It contains letters from governors of forty-eight states sent her on the occasion of her golden jubilee.

HAVE you ever tuned in on the "Melodies of Yesterday" program over WBBM and the Columbia network from the Edgewater Hotel in Chicago? Tune it in. You'll enjoy the musical combination of Sara Ann McCabe, soprano, Margaret Sweeney, harpist and Herbert Foote, organist.

RAY RAYMOND, JR., baby son of Billy Mills Chicago CBS orchestra members, made his radio début the other night—as a name at least—when less than 24 hours old. It happened in the "Myrt and Marge" show which called for a hotel scene and a page boy. Much to Ray's father's amazement, the name being paged in this scene turned out to be "Ray Raymond, Jr."

GENE ARNOLD of NBC and Sinclair Minstrel fame has just received a letter from a woman in Wenatchee, Washington, asking for copies of the verse he read over the air during a "Beautiful Thoughts" program. Gene first thought the letter had been intended for someone else, but then recalled that four years ago he was on the air in a "Beautiful Thoughts" program.

DE WOLF HOPPER, grand old man of the theatre and now of radio, has done his famous "Casey at the Bat" recitation so often he's really come to shrink from public appearances fearing another request for it. He has done the poem more than 3,000 times.

Pacific

(*Continued from page* 41)

KEN NILES, announcer at KHJ, will be passing out the cigars by the time this reaches print. Yep, Ken and Nadja expect an heir along the last of March. Probably a radio career will be mapped out for the youngster, for Nadja is a fine violinist and Ken can sing a lusty baritone.

HELEN GUEST, talented singer of ballads on KFI, Los Angeles, started on KHJ's children's hour ten years ago and is a popular southland favorite. "Pleasingly plump" is how the coast columnists describe the fair Helen. In facial expression and avoirdupois she is almost Kate Smith's double, though a bit shorter.

RUTH DURRELL, famed KFWB songstress is sporting her new bangs, the recent sensation of the radio studio. Her voice will be recalled by many listeners as one of the highlights of "Sunday Night Hi Jinks."

AROUND SAN FRANCISCO.—Wayne Frederick, of the NBC Clef Dwellers, just recovering from passing out the cigars. It's a boy . . . Dee J. Ball, who pens the "Joan of Arc" scripts, joins KYA's writing staff . . . Tom Coakley, orchestra leader, decides to stay here to study law and play for NBC instead of going east for nite club spot . . . Lloyd Yoder, NBC pressman and football mike spieler is oiling up the boots for the spring hunting season. . . .

ANSWERING SOME READERS. —Loyce Whiteman (Mrs. Harry Barris), at the present writing is singing for KFWB, Hollywood . . . "Uncle John" Daggett, dean of early-day Los Angeles announcers, is not on the air at this time . . . J. Howard Johnson, original member of the Orpheus Male Quartet, is now free lancing, but I understand the rest of the personnel remains the same as it did five years or more ago . . . Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink's son seems to be directing an orchestra somewhere in the West, but not on the air right now.

The Double Life of Nick Parkyakakas

(*Continued from page 29*)

As a boy of ten, Harry would collect an appreciative audience of child stooges, stand up on a box at any empty street corner, and conduct make-believe auction sales. The act never failed. The cheers and whoops of joy were loud, raucous evidence of that.

At twelve, Harry worked for his father who was an importer of food products and most of whose business was done with Greeks. As soon as school was over in the afternoon, he would hurry to the store and listen closely to the business conversations as he swept out and dusted the counters. It was not long before he had his new parlor trick—a Greek dialect that sounded more natural than the ones he overheard in his father's store.

At fifteen, Einstein began his business career as an errand boy for the Boston American newspaper. In two years he had advanced to advertising solicitor and later was assigned to call on furniture accounts in Boston. While making these contacts he was offered two jobs with different concerns for a total weekly salary of $75. He accepted.

TO celebrate his 19th birthday, he resigned and took the position of advertising manager for another furniture house at a salary double his old one!

Four years went by and nothing new in the business world cropped up. Then came his present job, advertising director of the Kane Furniture Company. He started there at $250 a week and has steadily risen in importance. To his credit is the Harvard National Prize, an award he won for the best furniture ad appearing in print during 1928.

Back in the days of crystal sets, ear phones, and disbelievers, Harry had been persuaded by friends who enjoyed his comedy at parties, to go on the air. After 28 weeks of being the first comedian on the Boston air lanes—at no salary at all—he decided that radio had neither money nor future in it and left the field entirely.

But in 1932, his close friend, Joe Hines, a popular New England band maestro, persuaded Einstein to return to the air as a guest artist on one of his Sunday evening programs. Together they wrote the script and Harry went on.

He was an overnight success. The following morning one of the town's biggest furriers called him and offered him a 32-week contract with the highest salary ever paid a local artist on the air.

Radio, as a side line at night, was beginning to click for this busy daytime advertising executive. Close on the heels of the first contract came another offer from a jewelry firm for two additional broadcasts a week.

The contract with the jewelers was signed at the approach of the city election and Einstein conceived a plan to run for mayor and burlesque the cam-



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

If you feel low—



✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale

then don't gamble

with your body



Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized ... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves ... a good complexion ... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S. TONIC

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again



© S.S.S. Co.

paign. In his efforts to make the campaign a success, he went to the trouble of having election cards printed, advising people of the wisdom of voting for Parkyakakas. He found, to his dismay, that he was being taken seriously by his listeners. Soon he was forced to distribute new cards with the inscription:

DON'T VOTE FOR NICK PARKYAKAKAS FOR MAYOR

In spite of this warning, when the final vote was counted, 1200 ballots had been marked with the name of Parkyakakas, just the amount of the majority which elected the winner!

It was the fame of this program which spread to New York and Eddie Cantor. After listening to the Greek dialect one broadcast, Eddie wired Einstein. The rest is history.

Born in Boston, Harry still lives with his mother. He is a contented bachelor. One brother, a few years older, is the founder and director of the Boston Credit Bureau. Another brother is on the advertising staff of the New York *Evening Journal.* His sister Beatrice, nineteen, serves as his secretary.

"I am very proud of the fact," Einstein told me, "that the Greeks themselves are among my warmest admirers. One of my proudest possessions is a letter from Harris J. Booras, the Supreme President of the Ahepa, an organization of 45,000 Greeks throughout the United States, praising my program."

Mr. Parkyakakas becomes displeased when told that he surpasses the efforts of his radio boss on the air. "If I am good on the program, it's because Eddie Cantor wants it that way. Any artist can make good with him.

"With the support and masterful fashion with which Eddie sells his artists' talents to the audience, it would be a very difficult thing indeed not to make the grade. Cantor's wisdom, help, and advice can only be appreciated when one is privileged to work with him. It is an occurrence never to be forgotten."

Thus the man who has two ambitions in life—in business to some day be elected Chairman of the Board of Directors in the furniture company; in radio to satisfy and please Eddie Cantor.

To Harry Parkyakakas Einstein, this is the top rung in his ladder of radio success, the sum total of his ambitions in his fascinating double life.

The Exclusive Story of the Jack Bennys' Baby

(*Continued from page* 15)

time without a word from Jack or Mary. And yet what do you suppose those two fools do? They get up at nine o'clock in the morning because they must see the baby having her breakfast. Maybe you think nine o'clock isn't very early. But it is for show people who are accustomed to turning the clock around, sleeping through the days and living their full, exciting life in the evening.

Mary not only gets up at nine now, something she never did before, but she absolutely refuses to budge from the house till two o'clock. She has to watch Joan being fed again. And then no matter what she's doing, she flies home at five in the evening, because that's when Joan is bathed.

Once a friend called Mary up and asked her to go to a matinée. "Oh, I couldn't possibly," she said. "I wouldn't get home in time for the baby's bath."

And as for Jack Benny, if you wanted to talk to him about a million dollar contract at half past five in the evening, he'd tell you to go you-know-where, because at five-thirty, rain or shine, he gets home to play with Baby Joan, and the president of the National Broadcasting Company himself couldn't make an engagement to see Jack and talk business during the hour he plays with Baby Joan.

Strangely enough, the idea of adopting a baby was Jack's in the first place, although men usually resent the idea of taking a strange child into their homes. But it was different with Mary and Jack, for Jack cherished the idea for years and fought against seemingly insurmountable obstacles till his place in radio was right at the top, and it became obvious that no longer need he and Mary subject themselves to the gruelling grind of one-night stands.

He left it to Mary, however, to pick the baby. While Jack was appearing in a play in Washington, she and Babe, her younger sister, went to New Rochelle, to a foundlings' home that the wife of Rabbi Stephen Wise had recommended. And there on the porch Mary saw a baby girl with blonde, curly hair, who smiled right up at her.

"Oh," said Mary Livingstone, "I don't want to see any other babies. I've got to have this one."

Then the nurse came out and said to Mary, "This is Joan, the baby Mrs. Stephen Wise wants you to adopt."

"She's the only one I'd dream of taking," said Mary, her eyes brimming over, and the baby, almost as if she understood Mary's words, looked up and smiled at her again.

BUT Jack Benny was a father for a whole week before he even so much as laid eyes on Joan, for his contract kept him in Washington, and he couldn't desert the show he was with.

When Jack finally got home, he rushed into the nursery, and when he saw the little tot, he was speechless at first. Then he and Mary laughed and cried together.

Since that day they haven't allowed contracts or parties or friends to tear them away from the baby. They have sacrificed many things for Joan, but they hardly realize that those things are sacrifices. For instance, after working hard all year, they had planned to go to Europe this summer. But rather than be separated from Joan

or subject her to such a trip, they have given up the idea of going to Europe and are thinking of taking a house in the country during the summer, so that they can keep Joan out-of-doors most of the time.

Joan, you see, will have everything that money can buy. Naturally. Already a trust fund has been created to take care of her every need.

"We'll give her the finest training money can buy," Jack told me. "We'll let her be whatever she wants to be. If she's interested in the stage, Mary and I will help her as much as we can with that."

"I want her to learn horseback riding, how to swim perfectly and how to speak French like a native," Mary told me, smiling. "I want her to have all the advantages Jack and I never had. I want her to do well all the things I've always wanted to do. Even to playing the piano."

There is something almost pathetic in seeing these two troupers who have had to battle for everything they wanted, who have been knocked and kicked around brutally, planning to bring up their adopted child so that she will never know the sting of poverty that they have known, so that she will be a perfect little lady.

I WAS thinking of that when I asked. "Aren't you afraid that Joan will be spoiled by having so many advantages?"

"Oh, no," said Mary. "Though Jack and I will give her every bit of training she needs for a career, once she gets that training, it will be up to her to make good."

"And if she falls in love when she's very young and wants to leave you, will you try to stop her?" I asked.

"No," said Mary, "not if the man's nice. I married Jack when I was eighteen and it's been grand. Jack was thirteen years older than I. I think that's perfect. It's better to be married to an older man who babies you than to a younger man who wants to be babied. Jack babies me shamefully and I love it. When we travel he even packs my trunks for me."

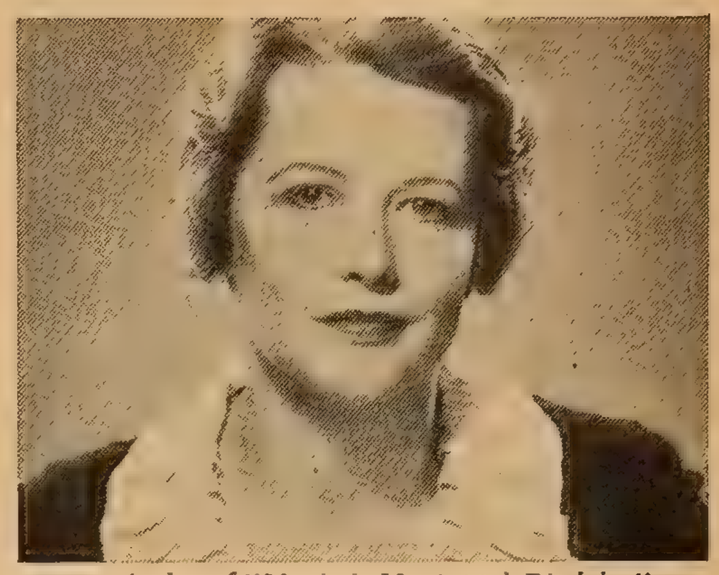
If you were to tell Mary and Jack that they are doing anything particularly noble in adopting a child, they would tell you to cut out the hooey. For they believe and I agree with them that Joan has done more for them than they can ever do for her. For she has brought a new meaning into their lives, a new zest into their work. Now that they are no longer living and working for themselves alone, their lives are richer and fuller than when they were a part of every gay party and were always to be found amid the razzle-dazzle of Broadway.

HOW MUCH MONEY CAN YOU MAKE IN RADIO?

In May RADIO MIRROR, out March 26, you can read for the first time the complete statement of salaries received by all radio folk—from page boy to executive.

7 women out of 10 write me . . .

"Those 3 Kotex features really opened my eyes"



● I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers these 3 exclusive advantages.

Now with Kotex costing so little there's no economy in buying any other kind.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

CAN'T CHAFE . . .

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the absorbent center surface is left free to do its absorbent work safely.



CAN'T FAIL . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW . . .

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles or "bunches."





NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.*



Leave it to us, Lady

we'll tell your

MAN

about

MUM

THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just *his* name and address on the coupon below—*not yours*.

Will he be grateful? He'll be looking for someone to thank!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. 2-A
75 West St., New York

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name .....

Address .....

What's New On Radio Row

(Continued from page 39)

Richard Himber, who wields a pen as skillfully as a baton, warns this department that when a radio tenor tells you he is feeling swell he is referring to his head and not his health! . . . Now there is a **"Lazy Dan" (Irving Kaufman)** candy bar on the market . . . **Kathryn Parsons,** "The Girl of Yesterday" on the air and in private life the wife of George Clarke, city editor of the New York Daily Mirror, and Joe Howard, the stage veteran, are collaborating on radio sketches.

Lionel Stander, "the hard-boiled voice" of Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight cast, has been signed by RKO for pictures . . . Which reminds that the aforesaid **Fred Allen,** on his own authority, talks through his nose because his chin gets tired of wagging! . . . **Edgar A. Guest** is a disappointment to studio spectators. They expect to see a long-haired, unkempt looking individual—for aren't all poets eccentric? Instead, a smooth-shaven, carefully groomed man in a conservative business suit meets the eye.

By the death of a relative **J. Anthony Smythe,** the Papa Barbour of "One Man's Family" inherited an estate on the isle of Brazza in the Adriatic. It is under the dominion of Yugo-Slavia but so heavily encumbered with debt to be a liability rather than an asset to Smythe. . . .

His domestic difficulties settled, **Arthur Tracy** has staged a fine comeback. "The Street Singer" probably will desert the air shortly to go to London where he is contracted to make stage appearances at the rate of $2,500 a week . . . **Abe Lyman** is in Hollywood making a picture for Warner Brothers . . . **Pat Barnes** is recovering from a fractured knee sustained in playing football with the Lombardos.

DIVORCE among radio artists is no longer a novelty.

But a brother suing his own brother, who is also a brother musician, for alienation of his wife's affection, is a distinct novelty.

Harry Horlick, leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, recently married the divorced wife of his brother, Leon, who also plays in his orchestra.

Last fall, Leon filed suit against Harry for $300,000 for the loss of his wife.

Harry testified in Justice Edward Reigelman's court in Brooklyn that he had paid Leon $3,800 in settlement of all law suits, or claims or obligations.

Leon has appealed the case in Appellate Division through his attorneys Frank Reiss and Charles A. Barrett.

AND here's news! Leo Reisman and Eddie Duchin met in a New York night club the other yawning and buried the hatchet—and not in each other, either, as they have been doing for years. Eddie, then a young pharmacist fresh from Boston, began his career as a pianist in Reisman's Casino orchestra in Central Park. Later he succeeded Reisman as maestro there and then the feud began.



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Only $1.95 COMPLETE

GIVES NATURAL WAVE IN 20 MINUTES AT HOME

At last! Wave your hair at home with Safe-Kurl—amazing new Electric Hair Waver! Takes only 20 minutes to give yourself any type wave, and dry your hair. SAFE, gentle heat puts in soft, natural, beautiful, permanent-type curls, waves, ringlets, rolls that last. No more high beauty-shop bills. No more tedious, uncomfortable "overnight" curlers and crimpers. Safe-Kurl gives you professional wave quickly, easily, safely—by electricity.

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SAFE-KURL CO., Dept. H-342, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Every year $5,000,000 is awarded by sponsors of slogan, statement, etc. contests. Win your share by submitting your entries in the right way. "How to Win Advertising Contests," a new book written by an outstanding winner, reveals new and most effective methods. Send 50c to RAYMOND PRESS, Dept. 23, BOX 14, AUBURN, N. Y.

THEY SAY—

THAT **Jane Pickens,** eldest of the Picken Sisters, will wed Paul Draper next month. (Of course, you know that the Pickens Sisters are a hit in "Thumbs Up", Eddie Dowling's successful Broadway revue).

That the game of strip parchesi is being carried to excess by a certain group of radio artists. A well known tenor is reported to have been reduced to an athletic supporter in a recent game. (Editor's note: For shame! Even Sally Rand is protected by a fan or a balloon.)

That **Bing Crosby's brother, Bob,** is very much interested in **Martha Ray,** the eyeful of "Calling All Stars".

That **Conrad Thibault** gave **Mary Courtland** a diamond ring for Christmas. Whereupon Radio Row jumped to the usual conclusion. But Conrad insists they are just good friends.

THE Three X Sisters are now being sponsored by an oil concern—at least the contracts had been signed when this was written . . . They are one of the many NBC sustaining features to land commercial periods since the first of the year . . . Columbia, too, has placed a lot of sustainers with advertisers and it looks as though 1935 will go down into radio history as the year when the poor, downtrodden sustainer got a break.

HARRY RICHMAN migrated to Florida for a holiday early in January and immediately was the tar-

get for a lot of criticism on Radio Row. Richman's departure for the land of Winter sunshine followed on the heels of the closing of the musical "Say When" at the Imperial Theatre, New York. The show was playing to $20,000 a week and the carpers maintained that had Richman remained in the cast "Say When" could have been continued profitably and a lot of people would still have their jobs instead of walking the streets.

Your correspondent investigated the matter and is glad to report that there is another side of the story of which Richman's detractors apparently are unaware. The entertainer was financially interested in "Say When", the arrangement being that his salary was to be collected from the profits. The result was that he received a total of $85 for four weeks' work. The week before "Say When" said farewell Richman's share of the losses was $2300. The indications being the deficit would mount with each succeeding week, Richman agreed with the management there was nothing to do but to close the show.

POSTSCRIPTS

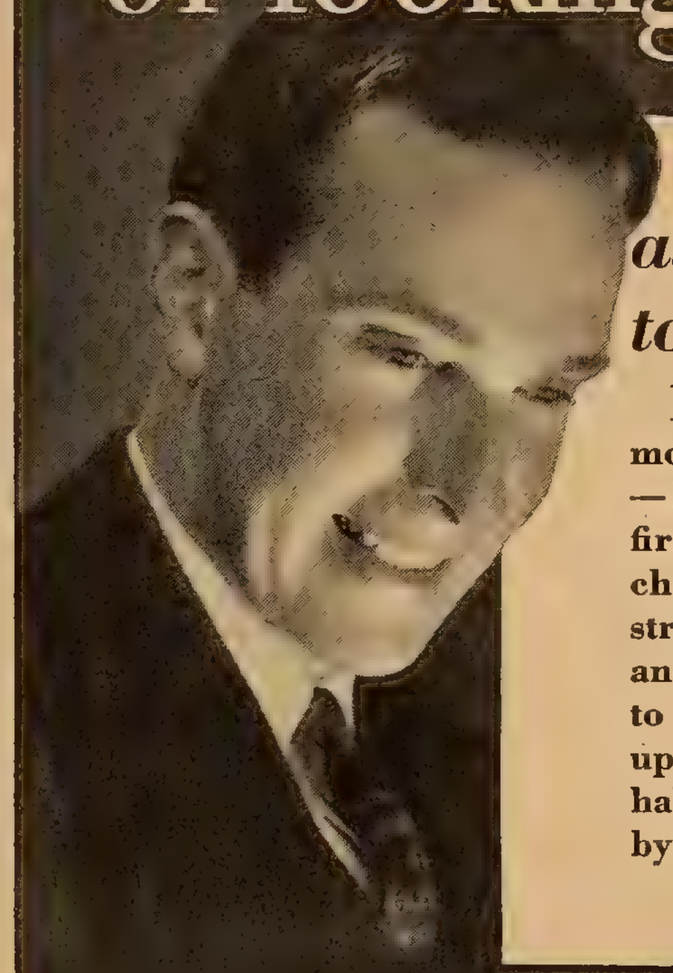
Here's something they can't get away with when television comes. The man who played Goliath, the giant, in the Biblical episode of "David and Goliath" measured 5 feet 5 inches and David towered over him! . . . **Kathleen Wells,** heard with Lanny Ross on the Log Cabin program and who also sings on the Show Boat, is Kay Costello when she warbles for WOR, the Newark station. Her real name is Kathleen McGlone.

Take it from **Ray Perkins,** master of ceremonies on the Feen-A-Mint amateur program, everybody in the world wants to go on the wireless. Two hundred novices applied for auditions for the first show. Eight hundred were on hand for the second and when this was written 5,000 had filed applications. Ninety-five percent of them are vocalists and the problem is to find aspirants talented in other ways that novelty may be lent to the try-outs.

NBC is experimenting with recordings to make local announcements at station break time instead of human announcers . . . (Miss) **Gene Denis,** the mind reader, is a radio possibility of the near future . . . **Irene Taylor,** the radioriole, isn't the only Irene Taylor. A namesake is an evangelist at present touring the New England states . . . **George Frame Brown,** pioneer broadcaster once famous for his rural characters, should be back on the air by the time you read this RADIO MIRROR.

When **Phil Spitalny** set about organizing his 32-piece all girl band for Linit's "Hour of Charm" program he discovered there was no such animal as a female tuba player in the country. Phil had to teach a girl trombonist, Betty Jenks, by name, how to play the "hippo horn" to complete the instrumental complement of the band. Have you read "32 Girls Who Can't Marry" in this issue?

There are two ways of looking at Dentyne



as an aid to mouth health

Long ago people got necessary mouth exercise from chewy foods — but not today. Dentyne's extra firmness supplies this vigorous chewing everyone needs . . . It strengthens the mouth muscles and also encourages the mouth to keep itself clean, fresh, toned up. Chewing Dentyne is a health habit that is often recommended by dentists and doctors.



as a delicious gum

You can recommend Dentyne because of its delicious flavor, also. Everyone will agree that its delightful spiciness is completely satisfying. Its firm chewiness makes it still more enjoyable. Your friends will be delighted to learn of such a different, distinctive gum. Dentyne, you know, comes in a handy vest-pocket package — a shape that originated with Dentyne and has identified it for many years.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

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. . . at our expense!



. . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 284, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

How to Get More Fun Out of Music

(*Continued from page 33*)

the harlot's love; and also the struggle that goes on in Tannhauser's soul to make his choice.

The music begins. When the famous "Pilgrim's Chorus" booms its way into the overture we know that for the moment the hero has filled his soul with spiritual love. Then a sensuous, slithery movement gives the clear impression that Tannhauser is again thinking and being tempted by his sensual love. That awful noise and racket that registers on our ears as discord is just that. It's the discord and agony that goes on inside of Tannhauser. He is in a tough spot, poor fellow.

In other words, let us say that a man of your acquaintance is in love with a fine, good girl. Somehow, however—as it happens every day—he becomes infatuated with a "loose woman." He knows the worth of the first girl, the worthlessness of the other. A tremendous struggle goes on within him. Sometimes he is certain that he loves and respects the beauty and purity of the first. Later he is tortured by the "allure" of the second.

Well, Wagner takes this everyday situation and puts it into music. You and I listen. We may not hear every word but we sense the emotional struggle that goes on. We feel beauty, lust, purity, despair, happiness, and finally, peace, as we listen to the music.

All music is like that. There is nothing mysterious about it. It tells us a story. Not in so many words but in so many notes. "Tonal effects," the musicians call it.

It's as simple as that. All we must do is be quiet, relax, give full play to our imagination, and *enjoy*.

MOST symphonies and operas, like "Tannhauser," are written around the emotion of love. Some of them depict the despair of unrequited love, others the joys of first love, some physical love, and others spiritual love. It all depends on the temperament—and often the nationality—of the composer. The German, Wagner, was very fond of analyzing deeply and probing his emotions.

Which reminds me of the story about elephants, which pretty well illustrates this point. An Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, and a German all decided to write a book on elephants. The Frenchman wrote on "The Love Life of the Elephant." The Englishman, "Elephants I Have Hunted." The German submitted a huge volume called, "An Introduction to the Elephant." And the American called his, "Bigger and Better Elephants."

So it is with the composers and their music. They all write about love, and all of them have a little different treatment and style according to the age in which they lived, the country they lived in, and their own temperament. Which is one reason their music has different and lasting appeal.

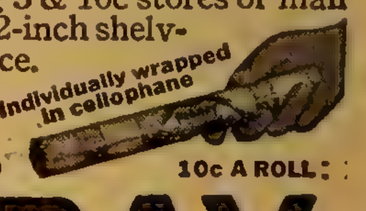
Sensational Low Cost of New FABRAY FOR SHELVES *Amazes Housewives!*



LOOKS . . . WEARS LIKE OILCLOTH *Yet* 2½-YARD ROLLS ARE ONLY 10c!

IMAGINE getting 2½ yds. of the finest 12-inch shelf oilcloth for only 10c! Impossible, of course. But, in FABRAY—usually called "fibre-backed oilcloth"—you get every advantage of oilcloth and more—2½-yard rolls, only a dime a roll! You can fold it—crease it—wash it indefinitely but it will not crack or peel. Actually cheaper than shelf paper, as you wash soiled FABRAY instead of throwing it away. Many lovely patterns and dainty solid colors. See FABRAY at leading 5 & 10c stores or mail 10c for 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State color preference.

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Learn to soar above the lowly things of every-day existence. Let us reveal how you may direct your intuitive powers and attain the fullness of life's blessings. Write for FREE Sealed Book explaining how to receive these truths. Scribe N.A.I.

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NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING 11¢ for Only

The amazing new Diamond Self-Heating Iron actually runs 3 to 5 hours for only 1c, and cuts ironing time in half. Beats high priced electric and gas irons for speed and economy yet costs less. No tangling wires—no trailing tubes or hoses—entirely self contained. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Burns 96% air—only 4% common kerosene [coal-oil]. Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and long life—to see it is to want it instantly.

HOME TRIAL. Write for complete description and opportunity for trial offer.

Golden Harvest for Agents! Wynne made $16—Jamison $16 in one day! Write at once for sensational proof of big easy earnings by agents everywhere.



BURNS 96% AIR

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 376 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

Love has been one of the keenest spurs of Richard Wagner, whose music we can hear so much this winter. During this season, two of his best-known works will be played on the air. The "Prelude and Finale" from "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Siegfried Idyll." Listening carefully to the first of these, the listener is swept away by the surge of passionate emotion the music contains; hearing the second, he is soothed by the calm and tenderness of the love the music expresses.

Both of these compositions were inspired by love. The first by love rooted in passion for a woman. The second by that quieter love of home and children. The one was born because love was frustrated, the other because love was crowned!

Wagner was a musical genius, who drove himself outward without regard for comfort or money, thinking only of his music. And of his need for romance and love.

His first wife was Minna Planer, an actress. But as the years went on, they became less happy together. Life was full of discord and discontent. They simply didn't get along and a break became inevitable. Finally, they separated.

THEN Wagner met Mathilda, the wife of a friend of his, named Wesendonk. The two fell deeply in love. Mathilda understood his music his aims. He was happy at his work when he could be near her. But again, he was frustrated. Wagner, opposed to divorce, decided that they must separate. And so he left his adored Mathilda.

But soon thereafter he began work on the greatest love music ever written, that of "Tristan and Isolde." Frustrated in his own love, he sought refuge in this work that glorifies passionate love. Tristan and Isolde loved each other with an intenseness that has never before nor since been recorded, yet, in the end, they died, doomed by the very intensity of their passion.

Wagner felt this himself, for he wrote in one of his letters:

"Seeing that throughout my life I have never tasted the joy of real love in its perfection, I wish, with the fairest of all dreams, to raise a monument, compose a drama, in the course of which this love will be gratified to satiety. I have in mind a plan for 'Tristan and Isolde,' a work absolutely simple, yet brimming over with the utmost vitality; and I should like to wrap myself around with the folds of the sable banner which floats about its final scene, and die."

Yet he did not die. He survived the sorrow of his unhappy loves, and lived on to find true love at last. And this happy love induced him to compose serene, joyous music far different from the voluptuous heartbeats of "Tristan."

For he met Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt and wife of the conductor, Von Bülow. Again Wagner fell desperately in love and was loved in return with equal fervor. Cosima and Wagner lived happily together at Triebschen, a villa on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland.

Poor Complexion?



Nurses now tell how famous medicated cream *Corrects ugly skin faults*

Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin

OVER 2 million women today use this famous medicated cream to relieve skin irritations, to help clear up blemished complexions—to help restore their skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thousands are nurses, whose training and experience have taught them what is best for the skin.

What it is

This famous medicated cream is Noxzema Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, greaseless formula that doctors first prescribed to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin irritations.

Nurses discovered its value in helping to correct skin faults. "It clears my complexion as nothing else does," one nurse wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough, chapped face and hands," wrote another.

If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped—if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema Cream—and see what a big improvement it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer

Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous 25c jar—enough to make a big improvement in your skin. Address Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 104, Baltimore, Md.



Red Chapped Hands Relieved Overnight . . . OR NO COST

Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.





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Try all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Be irresistible tonight...buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



She obtained a divorce; Wagner's wife died, and the two were married. For a while, at least, his life was calm, happy, productive.

And Cosima bore him a son, whom he named "Siegfried" after the immortal hero of his great "Ring Trilogy." Wagner loved his young son, loved his wife. And, of course, his love had to find musical expression.

So, in their joint honor, he composed the "Siegfried Idyll," a tender expression of his great joy and love for them both.

The story goes that Wagner wrote this music both as a Christmas and birthday present to Cosima, since her birthday fell on Christmas day. It came as a complete surprise to her. Wagner had the music prepared without her finding out a thing about it.

He had the musicians assemble early at the villa on Christmas morning. They tuned up their instruments in the kitchen, then stole to the foot of the stairs. In the bedroom at the top Cosima was just drowsily waking.

Suddenly the soft, tender melody floated up to her. But she herself tells about it in her diary:

"I can give you no idea about this day, and my feelings. I shall tell you quite barely what happened: As I awoke my ear caught a sound, which swelled fuller and fuller; no longer could I imagine myself to be dreaming; music was sounding and such music! When it died away Richard came into my room with the children, and offered me the score of the symphonic birthday poem. I was in tears, but so was all the rest of the household . . . And thus was Triebschen consecrated forever."

KNOWING the circumstances under which the composer wrote, is a great help in listening to music. But it is not a requirement. It doesn't matter whether or not you know exactly what Wagner meant when he composed "Tristan and Isolde," as long as you get the emotional response from it. In fact, many of the composers were very impatient with people who were continually asking what they "meant" when they wrote such and such a thing.

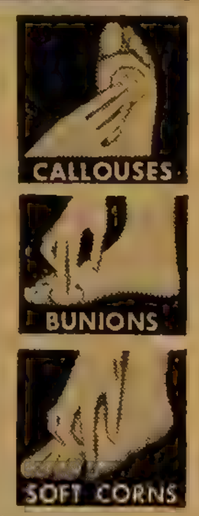
Beethoven, when asked once the meaning of a Sonata of his, played it over again and finally replied: "It means THAT!"

In other words, the music supplies the emotions. You yourself supply the words. You will get infinite pleasure out of imagining situations and stories as you listen to music. After a while, jazz will begin to seem obvious to you. This new game is as fascinating as a story book without end.

There are infinite possibilities. If you tune in on a Tschaikowsky symphony you feel his intense and morbid sorrow against which he shakes his fist and cries out in deepest agony. You can remember that this great Russian had received a letter from a young woman, saying she loved him. That pulled terribly at his heart-strings. He saw her and in a moment of "abnormal and fatal exaltation" they agreed to marry.



No matter how your corns, callouses, or bunions may hurt, New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you immediate relief. They stop pressure on the painful part; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quickly, safely remove corns and callouses. Flesh color, waterproof; won't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Try them! Sold everywhere.



NEW *De Luxe* FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF

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I know what it is to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly skin caused by pimples. I, too, know that for years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now know the joy of a clear skin brought about by an easy-to-use home treatment.

A POSTCARD BRINGS THIS BOOK

Tells in plain language how this wonder treatment was discovered and how it works. Simple to apply. The first application usually stops the pain and itching. Send your name and address for complete information. Do this today. Address

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FREE



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin



Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 1040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 138, Chicago.

MY EYES ARE KEPT *Clean and Clear*

by using Murine daily. It soothes and refreshes tired, irritated eyes. Dependable for 40 years.



ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Tschaikowsky was in agony. "To live thirty years," he wrote, "with an innate hate of marriage, and then suddenly, by force of circumstance, to find oneself engaged to a woman one does not love, is very painful."

It was more than that! He really loved another woman, a lady who was his patroness and whom he had never met. Yet he married this other girl. And the wretched man could console himself only with the thought "that we cannot escape our fate, and there was something fatalistic in my meeting this girl."

If you will listen to his Fouth Symphony, written shortly after the time of his unfortunate marriage, you will find the figure of Fate, typified by a flaring fanfare of the brass, stalking through the music. Once you hear that melody you will remember it as long as you live. This is soul-stirring music that is alternately brilliant and then black as night. "So is all life," Tschaikowsky wrote his unseen patroness . . . "a continual alternation between grim truth and fleeting dreams of happiness."

AT the end of February and during the month of March there will be plenty of opportunity to experiment with this new way of listening to music. Almost all the great symphony orchestras are on regular schedule this month. The New York Philharmonic will be playing every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 P. M., the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoons, and the Rochester, St. Louis and Kansas City Orchestras will also broadcast regularly through the month, as well as the Metropolitan opera on Saturday afternoons and the Opera Guild on Sunday evenings.

Then there are the commercially sponsored ensembles such as the 60-piece NBC orchestra, and the one recruited from the Detroit symphony, both on the air with eminent guest stars every Sunday evening.

We can all hear a number of great soloists either on regular hours or as guest stars. Tibbett, Ponselle, Nino Martini, John McCormack, Lily Pons, Lucrezia Bori, Crooks, John Charles Thomas, Grace Moore, and Egon Petri are only some of them.

As we learn to listen more skillfully, all these broadcasts will become more important to us. Later, when we tell more stories about the background of the composers, the time in which they lived, the country, and the conditions under which they composed, our appreciation will become sharper, and more valuable to us.

And soon it will be interesting for us to discover just how certain musical effects are obtained.

For instance, which instrument in the symphony sobs?

Which laughs?

What are percusions?

And, is it true that all good trap drummers are crazy?

Don't fail to read Mr. Smith's absorbing and instructive comments about music and how to get more fun out of it—in coming issues of RADIO MIRROR magazine. In this series he adds a new dimension to our lives and our enjoyment of them.



WIVES KEEP MAKING THE *same* OLD *mistake*

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitiably lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE ALL CONFUSED"



It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.



"I HAVE SEEN THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The *practice* of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the *old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic* which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an antiseptic providing surgical cleanliness *with safety!* Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used without danger on the human body. Zonite will never harm delicate membranes. Nor leave an area of scar-tissue. Despite its germicidal strength, Zonite is gentle, positively soothing. It comes in bottles: 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Then there are *Zonite Suppositories* which are semi-solid, dainty white and *greaseless* forms. They come hygienically sealed in individual glass vials, 12 to a box: $1.00. Ask your druggist.

"NOW I'M HAPPY BECAUSE I KNOW"



Women everywhere say that knowledge and happiness came to them from the pages of "Facts for Women." Send for this booklet. Read it. Pass it on to others. It is honest. Up-to-date. Most helpful to all women. Just mail coupon.



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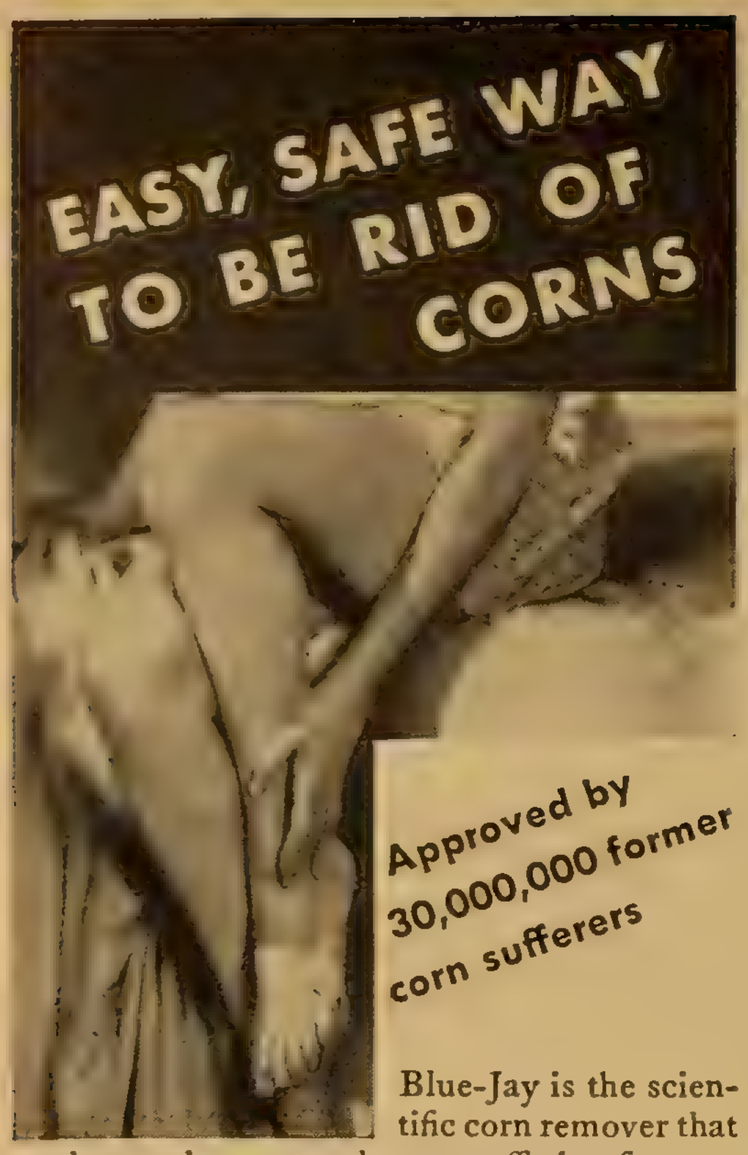
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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

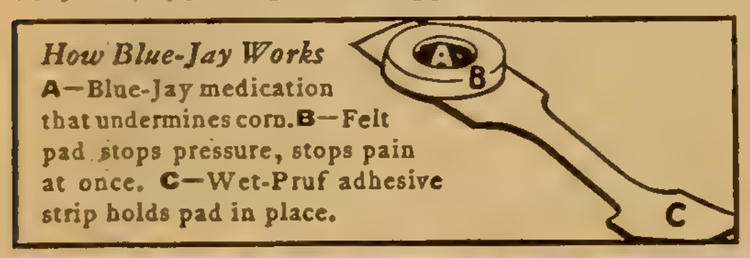
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On All Oilcloth Needs. FABRAY Looks—Feels—Wears Like Oilcloth—Costs ⅓ to ½ Less. At Your Favorite 5-and-10c Store!

The Real Reason Singing Sam Came Back

(*Continued from page 27*)

is the most beautiful little home you ever saw. It's surrounded by six acres of farm land. In front of it is a swimming pool. In the stable, in back, are riding horses. On three sides a garden lies cultivated, ready to bloom in the spring.

"That is mine, all mine. That is what I went to when I left last year for home. Can you blame me? Not if you knew what home meant to me, how I had wanted it all those years I was trouping, living in hotels, out of a trunk, in railway stations.

"And I made up my mind that I was going to stay there. Sure it was hard to quit that way, deserting an audience which had proved its loyalty again and again. I wasn't a rich man when I left, but I had enough invested in bonds—good government bonds—to take care of my miniature estate in Indiana. I've settled down with my wife and it is the best thing I've had from life.

"THEN, out of a clear sky, came this offer from my old sponsor. They wanted me back on the air and they wanted me to sing from Cincinnati. What could have been more wonderful? It meant that I stayed where I was, drove one night a week to the station, put on my program, and drove back. It even left me all day Friday, before the broadcast, to myself."

A boyhood dream and a man's lifelong yearning!

"You tell all your readers," Frankel continued, "that old Sam is singing again because he wants to sing. He's happier to be back than he can say, and he's tickled to death to be back for the same company that sponsored him before."

Quietly, he has resumed his old rôle. It was his own wish that no special announcements be made about his return. The Friday night of his first broadcast he swung into the Barbasol theme with only the briefest possible introduction.

"It was so natural for me to be singing again that I wanted my listeners to have the same reaction," Frankel explained. "That's why there hasn't been very much publicity. People hear me and it seems like old times to them."

He paused to smile, and his smile was proof that the dream of twenty-five years had come true.

"Why, do you know," he went on, "that within fifteen minutes' drive of my home there are four different golf courses on which I can play? And not much farther than that good places where I can go hunting in the fall? Imagine doing anything like that in New York!

"Of course I'm not saying that I'll never return East, never go back on another national network, but it will take some tall persuading. Mrs. Frankel isn't in any hurry to leave, either. She's had enough of trouping, being a show person, to appreciate a home."

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rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

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So follow the doctor's advice—ask your druggist for an antiseptic counter-irritant—just say JAPANESE OIL and you'll be sure of getting the right thing.

Then massage your scalp with it every night before retiring. Keep this up faithfully—and you'll marvel at the improvement in your hair and scalp.

Delay doesn't help, so ask your druggist for Japanese Oil today. It costs but 60c a bottle; $1.00 for Economy size.

FREE: *"The Truth About the Hair,"* a valuable booklet full of information on how to have and to keep a good head of hair. Write now to:—
National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., New York, Dept. 24-F
***This advertisement was reviewed and approved by a registered physician.**

Somehow you knew, listening to him talk about his life in Indiana, that the old Singing Sam would never be back. The man who sang a year ago was a professional artist who had fought his way up from ham vaudeville acts to the top of the radio world. Today, Singing Sam is really Harry Frankel, gentleman farmer. The notes of his songs are richer, deeper, more reflective of happiness.

"That's why I'm so glad to be singing from WLW. Everyone here is my friend, my old friend. They just know me as a guy from a small town in the next state. And that's the kind of a program I put on here."

At present, the broadcast is carried only once a week, all the available time that the company could secure. But already, at the station, nine forty-five Friday is a special hour. Radio's most popular baritone is singing. And already, in the mail box over which is written Frankel's name, is piled a huge stack of fan mail from people who have written in to welcome Singing Sam back.

IT was hard, at first, Frankel admitted, after he left the career which had meant so much to him. Back in Indiana old friendships began anew, but it took time. It was a different Harry who came back. A Harry who had seen much and learned much.

But when he and his wife decided to marry and settle down on the farm, everything was different. Suddenly, neighbors began to look upon him as plain Harry Frankel who was bringing home a bride. The house was finished, the marriage took place, and life began all over again for two people.

"I have a hired man there on the farm who raises a few things, tends the garden, and keeps up the house. That leaves Mrs. Frankel and me to travel, weed the flower garden, fish, swim, or do any of the other things we want to do so much. Dad and mother live just a little ways from us, too.

"We aren't really isolated from the world at large at all, for that matter. You see, the house is located on U. S. Highway number 40, the highway of the nation. It runs right through the heart of the midwest and past our front door."

As I listened, I wondered how many people, driving past the low rambling house off the road, imagined that here on this farm, lived Singing Sam, radio's most popular baritone voice. And, if they knew that, knew that while they were hurrying to some place other than home, he was there because he never wanted to go any other place again.

"When you go back to New York," Frankel said after a momentary silence, "say hello to all my friends and tell them I hope they come out this way some time. I'd like to see them again."

His eyes softened just a second in wistfulness. Then he stood up and put out his hand.

"Got to hurry to rehearsal now," he ended the interview. "Want to get it out of the way so we can drive home right after the broadcast."

And he was gone—gone to the farm and the life he has always wanted.



Posed by professional models

Special quick way adds pounds FAST

STOP being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh, attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm attractive flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

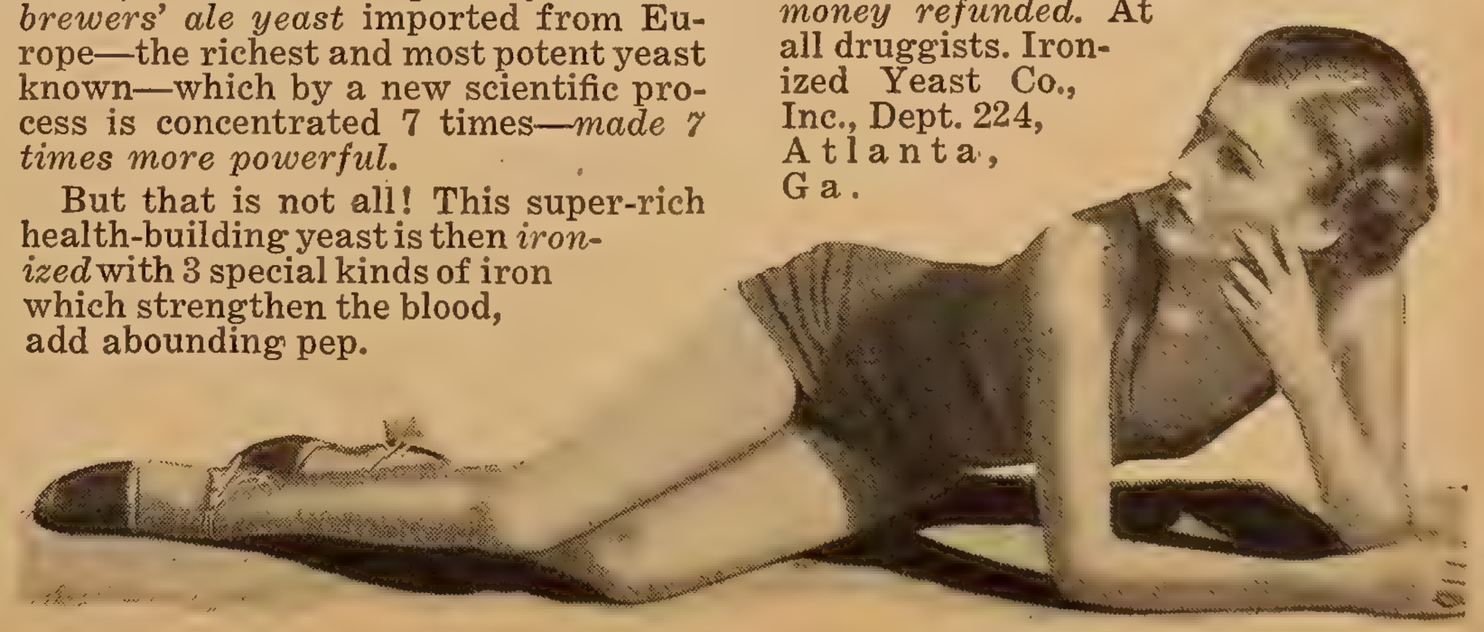
Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a beautifully clear skin—you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

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What's Wrong with the Amateurs?

Ray Perkins Tells

(*Continued from page 30*)

trouble with amateurs is their own fear, I'm talking about that small percentage who are really gifted. I feel sorry for the others, and I wish I could say something that would help them—but there isn't anything you can say. They just aren't good enough.

"Very few of the amateurs I've heard have real self-confidence. They may have plenty of boldness and brass, and they may want to argue with you if you tell them you can't use them on the program, but that isn't real self-confidence.

"The funny thing about it is that audience-fright, though in many cases it can't be cured entirely, isn't hard to hide. That's what many an actor or singer, who seems to be perfectly calm while inwardly he is suffering agonies of nervousness, is doing—controlling and hiding his fright.

"IT doesn't take long to learn to hide your nervousness, compared to the time it takes to learn to do something really well. An artist spends years perfecting his talent, but once it *is* perfected, it will take him only six months, or less, to learn to appear in front of an audience with apparent ease."

If Ray were a beginner, struggling to get a start, he would seize every opportunity to perform that offered itself, he told me.

"I'd perform every time I got a chance, in front of any audience that I could, as often as possible, at parties, informal entertainments, college or school shows—anywhere. It wouldn't be long, I know, before I'd have cured myself of showing nervousness."

Then, because he is the sort of person who sees both sides of a question, Ray admitted that there is good excuse for amateurs to be nervous, particularly when they are making an audition for an amateur program.

"An audition isn't exactly a fair test," he said. "We are open to all comers, and it is impossible to hear them all properly. The ideal way would be for us to take each performer into a room, alone with the judges, talk to him, try to calm his jitters and put him at his ease, and then let him do his act. But we haven't time. We have to listen to too many. It would even be all right to have them all in one studio, as we do now, if we could audition fewer at a time. At the end of a long afternoon we're liable to get so tired and confused that it's quite possible for us to let real talent slip by unnoticed. For that reason, it's not quite fair to the performers."

Then Ray gave me a tip, although I don't think he realized it, to pass on to those who want to get a chance on the Amateur Night. He admitted that his big job was to find acts with novelty.

"Seventy-five per cent of the amateurs are singers," he complained.

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"They get in our hair. I suppose people think they can sing without any particular training, or any other equipment than what they were born with. They don't realize that a singer who can be good without training has to be born with a lot more than the average fellow. If you want to succeed as a singer you are going to have to expect a lot of competition."

From this, although Ray didn't say so in so many words, I guessed that if you can play a zither, or are half of a two-piano team, or can do something a little bit out of the ordinary, your initial chances of appearing on his program are greater than they would be if you were a singer, although good singers will always find a place on every program.

Ray is just enough of a fatalist to realize that success, in the radio or elsewhere, is often a matter of luck.

"You have to get the breaks," he said. "If you get a good one, you'll go ahead, but if you get a bad one, you'll have to wait a while. But—and here's the important point—even good breaks can't do you much good if you haven't talent, or aren't prepared for them. That's why I say that gifted amateurs should perform as often as possible, in order to overcome their audience-fright when the good break finally does come."

What's Wrong with the Amateurs?

Major Bowes Tells

(*Continued from page 31*)

of the Amateur Hour, but it's the big city's radio sensation. Every Tuesday night at eight o'clock thousands of listeners turn away from the big network programs to this local station. Unrehearsed and impromptu ("Round and round and round she goes, and where she'll stop nobody knows," says the Major as he opens the program"), the Amateur Hour runs the high-priced comics a close race for humor—and, sometimes, outdoes the dramatic programs in pathos.

The Major is the presiding genius of the broadcast. He sits at a little table in the corner of the studio, talks to the performers as they take their places before the microphone, asks them what they are going to do, describes them to the radio audience, and does much to put them at their ease with his kindly manner. When he says "All right," they do their little acts for the ether waves. And then, if they aren't good or show signs of monopolizing the time, it's the Major's hand which picks up a little mallet and strikes the gong. That gong! There's no arguing with it. When its sound cuts across your music or your patter, you just stop.

Through the glass panel of the control room I watched them. There wasn't room for me inside the studio itself. Too many amateurs. People from all walks of life, of all ages, hop-

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Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It works fast, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

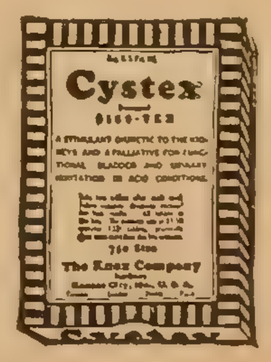
Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Sisstex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



Dr. T. J. Rastelli

English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to indorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.



Cystex
(Say Siss-Tex)

It's Guaranteed

Hand Made HAVANA*

50 Cigars $1.50 POST PAID

PACKED IN A METAL HUMIDOR



GUARANTEED 15c QUALITY

3c EACH for mild, mellow, deliciously fragrant cigars representing 50 of the 100 brands we manufacture, up to the deluxe 30c hand made Cigars. *HAVANA filler blended with just the right amount of finest shade-grown and broad-leaf tobaccos. Hand-made in our own modern N. Y. factories. We guarantee on a money-back basis that you will smoke and enjoy every one of these fine cigars—just as though you had paid the full retail price. None shorter than 5 inches and most of them longer.

50 CIGARS PACKED IN A METAL HUMIDOR $1.50 Post Paid

Money-Back Guarantee

If you do not receive IN YOUR OWN OPINION at least $5.00 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 50 cigars, just write us and we will refund every penny of your money!—and the smokes will have been on us.

FREE



HANDSOME CHROMIUM POCKET GICAR CASE

Free with all "Get Acquainted" orders for 50 of these Hand Made Cigars

DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE U. S. (We pay postage.) Send check or money order for $1.50, or pay the postman when these cigars reach you. We have been making fine HAVANA CIGARS for over 50 years. References: Dun-Bradstreet, any bank in U. S. or National City Bank, Calla Presidente Zayas, Havana, Cuba. Our Money-Back Guarantee protects you.



EDWIN CIGAR CO. EST. 1903

118-G East 16th Street, N. Y. C.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

ing to reach the glorious goal of fame and fortune so many of us strive for and so few attain. A thin, dark-haired baritone, by day a drug-store clerk, singing "On the Road to Mandalay" in a nervous voice. A male trio giving an imitation of the Mills Brothers' style of singing—only not as good. A Brooklyn street-cleaner who had taught himself to play the piccolo. A pretty girl, somebody's stenographer, singing a blues song. A proud mother with her little girl, who, she is sure, is every bit as good as Mary Small . . . And the gong punctuates the program.

"Most amateurs are just not good enough," the major says frankly. "They are mediocre. They are like golfers who go around the course in a hundred. They are not bad, but they certainly aren't good. Just because a boy has a voice his friends think is fine when he sings at parties doesn't necessarily mean that he can step into a broadcasting studio and have the world at his feet. They don't realize that back of every case of apparently sudden success are years and years of work, disappointment, and heart-break.

"THEY all think they have talent, and some of them really have it—but talent alone isn't enough. You have to work to bring the talent out. It isn't easy. It means a long time, years and years perhaps, of scrimping and saving, getting along on a few dollars a week, studying and practicing and thinking at odd hours of the day or night.

"Then, when you are sure you have something, is the time to come before the public. In my opinion, no one has the right to ask the public, or a radio station, to judge him seriously before he has done everything he can to perfect himself, and is reasonably well satisfied with the result.

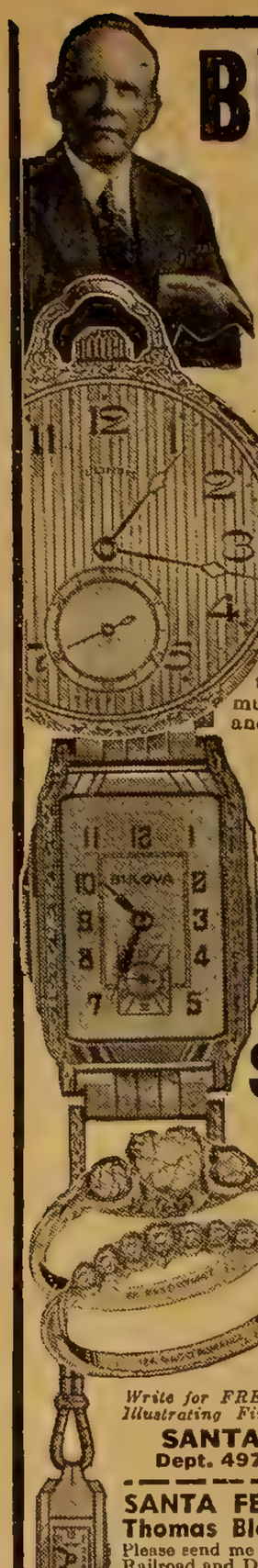
"Instead, too many of the beginners seem to say to themselves, 'Of course I need more training, but if I could only get a chance, somebody would hear me, and realize how much promise I show. They would help me out, give me my start, encourage and train me. When *that* happens, *then* I'll work hard and be a success.'

"But it doesn't work out that way, and the result is that when the chance comes, as it does on our Amateur Hour, they aren't ready for it.

"How are you to tell when you are good enough to ask the public to judge you? Well, I think if you are honest with yourself you will know, for one thing; and for another, it is usually possible to find a person whose judgment is impartial and well-informed enough to use as a guide. Before we started the Amateur Hour I used to give auditions, and I never hesitated to say so when I thought a performer needed more preparation before appearing over the air or on the stage. It is mistaken kindness to be anything but perfectly frank, I've always believed."

Another common failing among amateurs, the Major finds, is lack of care in selecting material.

"However, the choice of material is important only if the singer or musician has talent," he says. "If there is no



BUY NOW and SAVE

Watches and Diamonds At All-Time Low Prices

ACT QUICKLY When Present Supply is one Prices Must Go Up

BUY NOW--PAY LATER

We plan for the future, so sometime ago we contracted for enormous quantities of Watches and Diamonds at lowest depression prices. Prices have already been forced up—and they must go higher. BUT WE BOUGHT BEFORE PRICES ADVANCED, and we pass this saving on to you—but you must act quickly before these watches and diamonds are gone.

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Think of it—even with these low prices you can still use our easy payment plan. There is no reason now why you cannot own jewelry which you know is the best and which you can be proud to own through the years to come.

$3.50 a Month Makes It Easy for You to Own a Valuable Watch or Diamond

We trust the people who buy here and as a result you can enjoy the pride of owning a really fine watch, diamond, or silverware while you pay by our special easy "Santa Fe Way." We have removed every obstacle. Send now for our FREE catalog while our stocks last at these prices.

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Dept. 497, Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

SANTA FE WATCH CO., Dept. 497, Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

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GLADIOLUS

3 Souvenir (*Yellow*), 3 Orange Queen (*Orange*), 3 Virginia (*Red*), 3 Purest of All (*White*), 3 Heralda (*Lavender*), 3 Osalin (*Pink*). *18 Bulbs as Above.*

TWO LOTS FOR 25c

15c 90 MIXED FOR 50c—POSTPAID

Regal Bulb Co., Dept. 680, Westport, Conn.



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.

ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24, LOWELL, MASS.

GOV'T. JOBS

SALARY TO START $105 to $175 MONTHLY

MEN.. WOMEN

Age Range 18 to 50

( ) Ry. Mail Clerk
( ) P. O. Laborer
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( ) Special Agent
( ) Customs Inspector
( ) City Mail Carrier
( ) P. O. Clerk
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( ) Seamstress
( ) Auditor
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INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 315A, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

Name.....

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talent there, good or bad material can't make much difference.

"Let me explain what I mean. Suppose you are a singer. Naturally you can't sing any and every kind of song. You should study your voice and your personality in order to find out whether you are best fitted for semi-classical ballads, blues, light popular music, or some other general classification. The ideal thing to do, if possible, is to get expert advice on your capabilities. Most people are the worst judges in the world of what type of thing they can do best, unless they have given the question lots of thought.

"The suitability of possible material to the needs of radio has to be considered, too. Many of the acts which are broadcast over our program are all right in their way, but their way isn't radio's way. Some fail because they should be seen as well as heard. Sometimes I have to spend several minutes describing what I see in order to give the listeners-in a proper picture to complete their enjoyment. Other acts fail just because there is no public desire for them. It's pretty hard to fit a mouth-organ soloist or a fellow who imitates animals into the average radio program."

Work, think, study; forget you are an amateur; don't ask the public to judge you before you are sure you have something that people besides your friends will enjoy; experiment or ask expert advice to find out what material suits you best. Sounds hard, does it? But we asked the Major to be frank. And he certainly didn't mince words in telling what is wrong with amateurs.

Behind the Scenes of the New Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page 45*)

the audience crane their necks, wanting to know who's in the special booth.

Notice the contrast between Adele and Lois. It's evident in their speaking voices, too. Adele is vivacious, sparkling. Lois is more demure, much more quiet. Adele's brown hair glints in the light.

But you still don't understand this business about the *new* Hall of Fame! And the different hour and different network. While Conrad sings and looks at Lois who is making faces at him, we'll whisper some of the details in your ears. It's all right to whisper in here. No sound can escape.

A short time before this show began, we went to the advertising director of the company which makes the Cream which sponsors the Hall of Fame, and found—a woman! Sitting behind a desk covered with sales orders, Miss Dorothy Cox, guiding genius of one of radio's most expensive hours, gave us her explanation.

It seems that when it was decided to advertise on the air, the task of arranging a program fell on her shoulders. Something spectacular, something different, something that would get a new audience each week. Her answer was

I WAS "NATURALLY SKINNY"...YET I JUST GAINED 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK!



Posed by professional model.

Thousands of Thin Folks Once Discouraged Now Adding Flattering Pounds...QUICK NEW 3-IN-1 WAY!

5 lbs. in 1 Week or no Cost

"I never thought I could gain an ounce until I tried Kelpamalt," says Miss E. H., New York. "Then I gained 5 lbs. in one week."

Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight, through a "3 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelpamalt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the flesh-building foods you eat. Third, Kelpamalt's NATURAL IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control metabolism—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more NATURAL IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Comparison of Minerals in KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES

3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelpamalt is fine for children too—Improves their appetites. Try Kelpamalt today, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs only a few cents a day to use and can be had at all good stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Special Free Offer

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 412, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Manufacturer's Note:—Avoid imitations. Insist on the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. There is nothing like them.

Kelpamalt Tablets

Known in England as VIKELP

WHY YOU HAVE *acid* INDIGESTION



New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

A New, Faster, Safer Relief

YOU have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because hasty eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause *over*-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dpt 14DNN, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

START EARNING IN 3 DAYS



"Made $16.50 and have finished only 3 lessons," says Mrs. Ellen V. Bailey of Pennsylvania. Decorate giftwares. We supply everything and teach you how. Easy, fascinating work—full or spare time. A big income possible every month. No selling experience needed. 50,000 members of Fireside Craft Guild make money right at home. Write today for new membership plan. It is FREE. Send no money.
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 34-D Adrian, Mich.

the CHORE GIRL

PURE KNITTED COPPER

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
No More Kitchen Drudgery!
Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

DISFIGURING SKIN OUTBREAKS

Helped Remarkably By New SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT!



NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is *real* relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

the Hall of Fame hour.

You may remember that it started last year and continued this fall. Each Sunday night an outstanding performer in the field of opera, stage, or films was starred. Not just someone who was rated as good, but only those known the world over—those, in other words, who could provide real entertainment for the vast audience.

"We found," Miss Cox told us, "that after thirty-nine broadcasts we had exhausted all our available material! There wasn't one really outstanding artist left in the three fields, whom we hadn't presented last spring or whom we couldn't bribe to go on for just one program!"

And how can you get thousands of new listeners each week if you repeat stars or use mediocre talent? That was the question which bothered Miss Cox. And her answer this time was Club Romance, the *new* Hall of Fame. As the guiding force behind the program creation, she made arrangements, okayed scripts, and now she's sitting back, hoping for definite proof that the program is a hit.

But now let's go back to Playhouse Number Two and see what this Dorothy Cox has created. Conrad has finished his song, but he remains at the mike. Now you see Ross introducing him to Lois. According to the script, she goes incognito tonight. Conrad doesn't recognize her, but he's falling. You can tell that by the lines he reads.

Pay special attention to the music, and the maestro. Voorhees is largely responsible for the success of this program. He's working hard. His square shoulders rise and fall, flex and jerk. Too much can't be said for his interpretations of popular pieces.

YOU'RE glancing again at the stage, your attention caught by a sudden movement. Conrad has just asked Lois if she would like to dance. She nods her head. Suddenly he smiles and swings his six-foot body in a graceful arc. Now they're arm in arm, actually dancing! A little whim of Conrad's.

You glance at your watch unbelievingly. It's twenty-five minutes after eight. Five minutes to go. Ross stands up again, script in hand, at the mike. His right hand goes over his ear, a characteristic gesture, while he reads his announcement.

More music, then the finale—a duet with Conrad and Lois. As their voices flood the booth, you sit back and dream a little. You wonder—remembering that Lois wants more than anything in the world to buy a farm some day and retire there with her husband and three children—when her dream will come true. It won't be long now, if she continues to get many more radio contracts like this one.

The music stops. Ross makes his last advertising appeal:

"Your hands will always remain soft and smooth . . ."

Voorhees raises his baton, the music swells once more and you reach for your coat. That's all. A page opens the door. You step out. Show's over. See you next Sunday.

LEARN TO DANCE

From Hollywood's Most Famous Dance Director



Creator of the Continental and Carioca Will Teach You at Home

DAVE GOULD, famous head Dance Director of "Flying Down to Rio," "Melody Cruise," "Gay Divorcee," etc., as well as 30 hit Broadway shows now offers you his Home Dancing course which teaches you all the modern ballroom steps—as well as his own Continental and other latest stage dances. His amazing new method makes dancing as simple as A B C. No music or partner required. Gould is now creating new dances for forthcoming musicals and you learn many of these steps even before they become the rage in your town.

Become the most popular in your crowd by quickly learning the latest dance steps as only the great Dave Gould can teach you. Write today for FREE illustrated booklet explaining how easily you can learn by Gould's home study course.

FREE Booklet

DAVE GOULD, Dance Director
Dept. 2, Box J, Hollywood, Calif.

AGENTS... Smash Go Prices!

Santos Coffee 12c lb. 4-oz. Vanilla 8½c. $1.00 size Tonic 14c. Razor Blades 10 for 8½c. 100 sticks Chewing Gum 12c. 150 other bargains. Experience unnecessary. Write—
CARNATION CO., MG, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Try This On Your Hair 15 Days—



Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for **free** 15-day test offer.
JUEL DENN, 207 N. Michigan B-45, Chicago, Ill.

For 15 Years, the Choice of Fastidious Women

GOLDEN GLINT the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINSE

Tested and Approved Metal No. 4864-b by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health • Good Housekeeping Magazine

Gives Every Shade of Hair a Glamorous Sheen

NEW LOW PRICED "PINLESS" CURTAIN STRETCHER!



Pays Agents up to $10 in a Day

Saves time—eliminates ironing—stretches curtains up to 48 inches wide—any length—in a jiffy. No pins to cause injury and tear costly curtains. No heavy wooden frames. Just two triple cadmium plated rods and a hanger. Can't rust—lasts a lifetime. Low priced.

Evans Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 6692
Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE SAMPLE OFFER!

Now SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes

SNAG PROOFED-SPOT PROOFED-RINGLESS

Guaranteed to wear without holes from 1½ months to 8 months or replaced free. Chiffons and service weights. 96 styles and colors for men, women, children. Not sold in stores but through representatives. Write for big opportunity. Give size.



Your Own Hose Free

AGENTS
Up to $22 in a week demonstrating.
BETTERKNIT HOSIERY CO.
Dept. D-208, Columbus, Ohio

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c.

Frank Parker—Radio's Best Dressed Man

(*Continued from page 36*)

that garters are essential to good appearance. A few still think it adds dash, or some such thing, to have the socks rolled down around their shoe tops. But one look in the mirror should correct that idea.

"Polish on the nails is only an affectation. You don't see it much outside of New York, but if a man is wondering because some manicurist told him it was proper, he can forget it. But manicures themselves are important. By all means have manicures regularly. Or at least give yourself a manicure.

"Wear a derby for business, certainly—if you can get one to fit. I can't. Don't, however, make the mistake of wearing a derby at night, either with tuxedo, "tails", or business suit.

Frank's five rules for improving your appearance are simple and easy to follow, and—if followed—will do all that he promises they will.

First, personal cleanliness, which, as Frank says, is a virtue in itself.

Second, neatness. This includes having the hair well groomed, the nails manicured, the shoes shined.

Third, having your suits pressed regularly. This, as he points out, also saves your suits from losing their shape too soon.

FOUR, having the shoes and hats matching the rest of the ensemble. This also should include socks. Frank doesn't believe that socks should necessarily match the tie, as long as they are in keeping with the entire ensemble.

Fifth, and most important, the changing of your shirt and tie every day. He has already pointed out the effect obtained by this procedure. We've tried it ourselves since he told us this and it works.

There are other generalities that didn't seem to fit into the answers of these questions, but which Frank added as things to keep in mind.

For instance:

As a general rule, blue and grey are usually the most serviceable and look the best on a man. But fit your coloring. Usually light for dark men, dark for light men. Call in a woman, he advises, to help you settle this question.

In the problem of whether to wear ready-made ties, Frank feels that one tied by yourself gives you a feeling of individuality you can't otherwise get. But he does not taboo ready-made ones. They are so well made now, they do not detract from your appearance.

He also mentioned the age-old argument about dress shirts, that is, those for evening wear that have stiff fronts. His best advice in regard to this was:

"Throw away the one your father gave you and which you have probably been wearing ever since. The new ones, with their generous cut and short stiff bosom, are not at all uncomfortable. Be sure to get one with a large enough collar to permit a little shrinking."

And there he let the whole issue rest.



It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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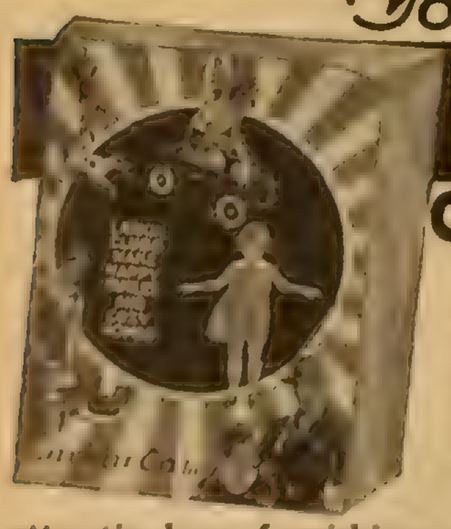
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32 Girls Who Can't Marry

(*Continued from page 26*)

this problem. I found the leader rehearsing his thirty-two girls in a choral number. The interruption annoyed him. It takes time to get thirty-two girls into a business frame of mind.

But when he heard what the interview would be about, he grinned and forgot his annoyance.

"Certainly I made them sign such an agreement," he said. "What else would you have me do? A woman can't be an artist and a wife at the same time. And to prevent my losing any of these grand girls I had them agree to stay single for two years or lose their jobs.

"You'd think that would settle the question, wouldn't you? So did I. But now what am I going to do? Already two of the girls are in love. They think they have to marry right away. You think I can let them go? But I can't. They're too valuable. One of them is even a soloist. *You* tell me what to do."

THE rehearsal was taking place in an empty ball room of the Park Central hotel. Spotlights from four corners brightened the center of the room where the orchestra was seated. Into this glare of light and babble of voices Spitalny dragged me. Here was enacted my first interview with 32 girls en masse. And my ears are still red.

This was the question, the one already advanced:

The contract has been signed, you're pledged not to bring home a husband of any kind or description for two years. Now you meet the man of your dreams. What do you do? Do you resign your position, do you go through a secret marriage, or do you just pass the man up?

The girls with answers shall be nameless. That was part of the agreement before they would talk. Fittingly enough, the first reply came from a blonde. She was sitting in the back row, her music in front of her, intent on the question which had been asked.

Without waiting for the uproar to subside, she half stood. "I'd say it all depends on how much money he had," she shrilled, amid a chorus of cheers and boos, and flounced back in her seat.

All right, there you have the first answer. Considering the fact that it came from a blonde, do you agree? Anyway, here's another.

Spitalny pointed with his baton at one of the two girls who already are in love. "Ask her," he suggested. The answer came without hesitation.

"I'm going to talk Mr. Spitalny into letting me marry and stay with the band," she said reasonably. Patting her wavy black hair into place, she beamed at her boss who blushed slightly and waved to the tall, rather thin girl next to her.

"Me?" she boomed, in a tone of determination. "I know what I'd do. I'd stay with the band. No man is worth marrying, not when you have a job like this one."



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More boos than cheers met this remark. Spitalny winced a little at the reception of her theory. After all, this was the sentiment he wanted expressed. The boos he hadn't expected in quite such volume.

"Quiet," he shouted, tapping vigorously on the music rack before him. "Who's next?"

Apparently, everyone was. The din was terriffic. Not even the heavy growling of Spitalny was distinguishable. My own ineffectual mumbling barely carried five feet. Then a saxophone player stood up. Her brown eyes were dreamy with romance.

"Honestly," she began as the others quieted down, "even if Mr. Spitalny is listening. If I fell in love, I'd run away and get married. Then nobody'd know and what would be the difference?"

"I'd know," was Spitalny's immediate reply. "It would show up in your work." Then he realized what he had said, and the color seeped up past his open shirt collar into his cheeks.

Another minute or two went by with the din undiminished. Spitalny was showing signs of worry. You could see at a glance that it would be an hour before he had their minds back on their work.

"Just one more answer," I pleaded.

"Hey, I know," a girl in the front row cried, jumping to her feet, and dimpling prettily. She looked sidewise out of her eyes at Spitalny and giggled.

"I'm too much in love with Mr. Spitalny to ever marry anybody else," she gurgled.

There the interview ended. Spitalny and I both ran for cover. I left him at the exit; I was red in the face and breathing rapidly. As I waited for the elevator to whisk me to peace and safety, Spitalny's voice was raised in pleading.

"Girls, your attention please."

Well, what would you do? Would you resign or would you let the man go? At least we know what would happen to the Spitalny all-girl orchestra.

Here's Bobby Benson of Hecker's H-Bar-O Rangers, "Going to Africa." In real life he's Billy Halop.



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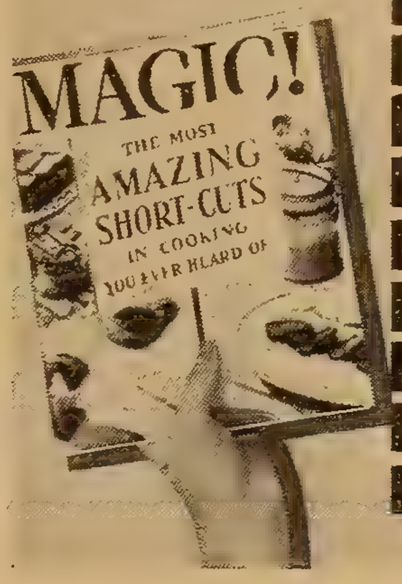


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Are Singers Sissies?

(*Continued from page* 48)

body blow at Nell's contempt for singing. One night, while walking home after the opening concert at which he was the soloist, he fell in with another freshman.

"Say, who was that fellow who sang the solo?" the new friend asked. "He sounds better than John McCormick does on the records I have."

Nell gulped and felt a strange glow inside him, the glow that comes from high praise for ability. He promised the other to tell the soloist how good he was and hurried off.

"That happened once or twice more," Nell told me. "I began to understand why men go through life singing professionally and what my Dad had been driving at. Then I got a part in the school band, when it was preparing for the tour.

"Morning, noon, and night, I had to practice. The band leader wanted a singer, but the requirements were that anyone joining had to play a band instrument. So I borrowed a saxophone and went to it."

Nell kept on with his engineering studies, but by the end of his Freshman year he had gone back to his father's dramatic coaching and voice instruction. His diploma, after four years of school, went directly into a trunk of souvenirs, while Nell himself was packed off by his father for New York and a year of studying voice in the Big City.

"I learned a lot there about stage acting and when I returned home I got a job in the chorus of "No, No, Nanette" at $65 a week. That salary just about floored me. I'd never dreamed of earning so much right away—but earned is right! Acting in a road company is the toughest job of them all. Even building bridges couldn't be any harder."

THIS was the turning point. The next year he understudied Dennis King in "The Vagabond King", and took the lead on Sunday nights when King was absent from the cast. The following spring he was called back to New York and given the starring role in another road company which later toured the entire country.

By that time, salary and working hours had grown much more pleasant, but there was still a thorn in his side. No matter where he went for voice training, he could find no one who was able to help him the way his father had always done.

There was only one thing he could think of to do. If he wired his father and asked him to come to New York to live, he might get a favorable answer. The wire went out that same day.

He did not have to wait long for a reply. Although his voice studio by then had grown increasingly profitable, Ed's father closed the home in Indianapolis, said goodbye to all his old friends, and hurried East. His son needed him and that was that!

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"I went into radio shortly after that," Ed continued, "and I certainly needed the help my dad could give me. There was a whole new technique to conquer in radio, but dad was always there with the right advice and encouragement."

The combination of his father's instruction and his own native talents must have been a happy one, because Ed, without a single audition, has been placed in seven major radio shows in the past few years.

Besides his work on the Forum of Liberty hour, Nell often takes a singing role in the Palmolive Beauty Box show, sometimes with his own billing, sometimes without.

So he lives in his richly furnished apartment, happily married to an attractive young wife. And close at hand, within ready call, is the elderly man who understood when his son once said:

"Dad, I want to study engineering. I don't want to sing—only sissies live that way."

What Do You Want to Know?

(*Continued from page* 46)

tall, weighs about 130 pounds and has straight black hair, fair complexion and grey eyes. As for his favorite colors, turn to page 34 and read "Frank Parker, Radio's Best Dressed Man." You'll learn more about your favorite singer.

Mr. Irvin P., West Phila., Pa.—Ed Lowry's Review is off the air, but Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette are heard regularly now on Tim and Irene's Sky Road Show, Tuesdays at 10:30 P. M., EST., over the WJZ network. They're Mr. and Mrs.

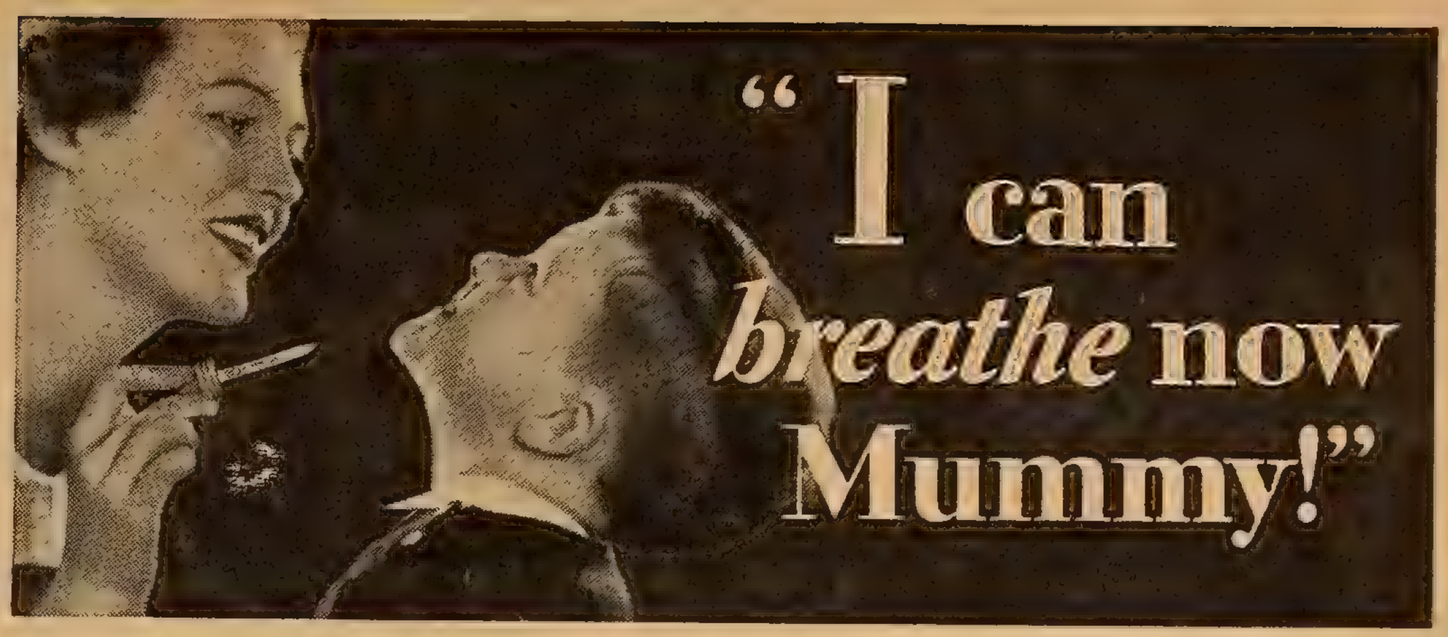
Irma C., New York City—Arthur Boran does impersonate President Roosevelt but he is not in any way related to Charlie Moran of the old team of Moran and Mack.

Jean F. J., Lansdale, Pa.—The "Singing Stranger" on the Blue Jay program is Wade Booth. The baritone in "Castles of Romance", (this used to be "Castles in the Air") is Ray Heatherton. Young Ray was born on June 1, 1909. He's not married. The girl on this program is Alice Remsen.

Adaline E., Swissvale, Pa.—For a picture of Mildred Bailey, I'd suggest that you write to her in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. Guy Lombardo's birthday is June 19. As for the year, he won't talk!

Catherine K., Bradshaw, Md.—Ruth Robin isn't married. There's a picture of her in the gallery this month. Isn't it a honey?

JANE PICKENS' PHANTOM FRIEND
Revealed in next month's Radio Mirror.
Out March 26.



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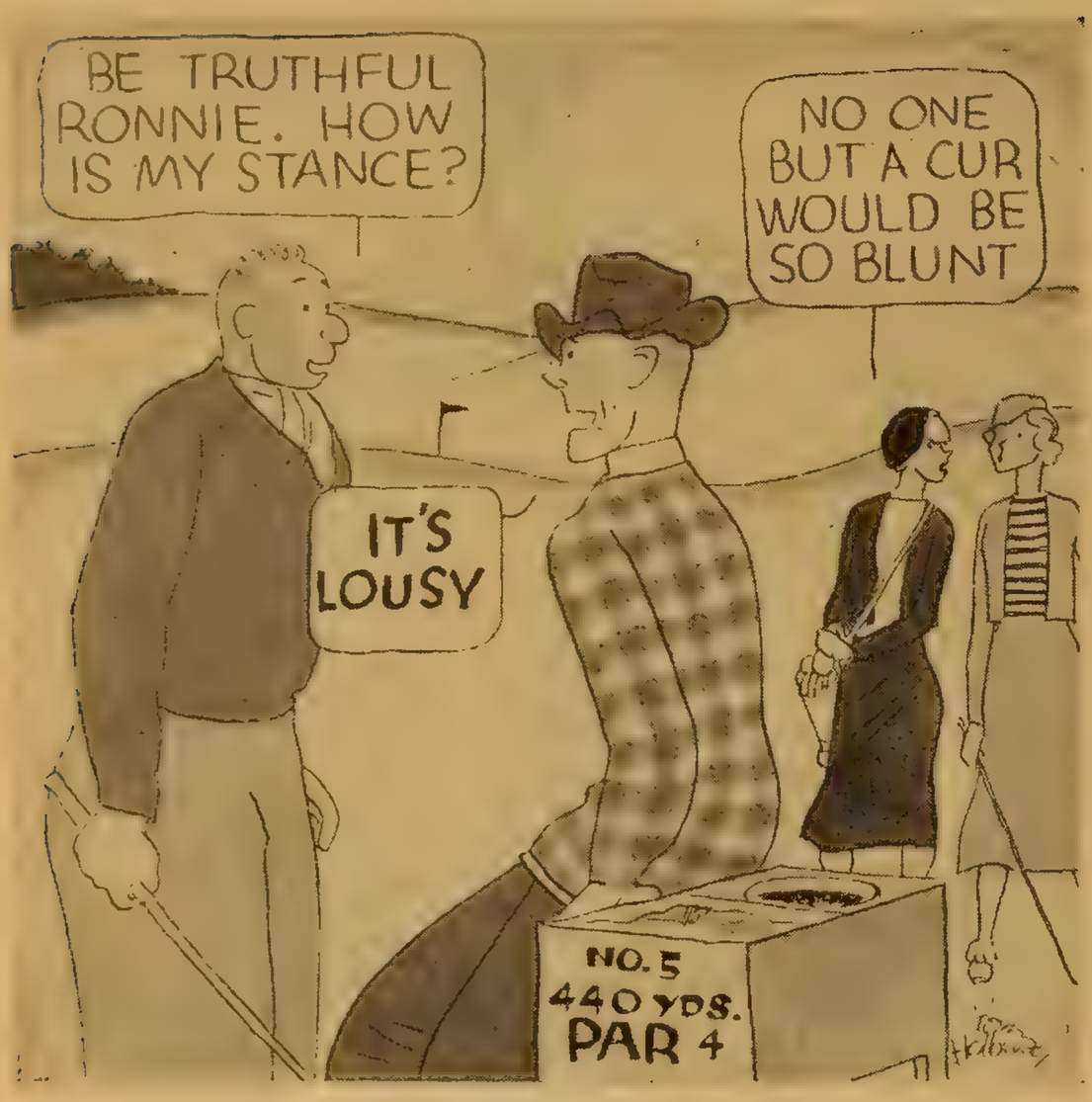
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NAME GAME



Picture No. 5

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Picture No. 6

Name of Star.....

KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE FANCY WORK IS WORTHLESS

WITH the two drawings on this page the $250.00 cash prize Name Game reaches its climax. When you have determined the name hidden in each of this month's pictures your set of six contest drawings will be complete. Now, to complete your entry, you will need only to write the short note of preference called for in Rule 3.

When you prepare your material for presentation to the judges do not spend time and money in ornamentation and elaboration. No entries will be returned nor will decoration be considered by the judges in establishing the contest ratings. Therefore there is no reason whatever to lay out money or work on fancy trimmings.

Make sure that your work is correct. Prepare a neat, easily checkable presentation. If you transfer your answers from a working set to a final set for entry do not make errors in the transfer.

When you are sure everything is in order submit your entry to the address in Rule 6 so that it will be received on or before the closing date. Results will be announced in the first available issue of RADIO MIRROR and checks will be forwarded to the winners at approximately the time of publication.

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months RADIO MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent radio star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the radio star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the entertainers you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to NAME GAME EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

NEXT MONTH A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST!

Why John Herrick Remains Single

(*Continued from page* 11)

the last. Julia Herrick had taken leading roles in grand opera. She had been the featured soloist in several of Boston's more prominent churches. Out of this experience she learned about the profession's joys and its heartaches. And although hers was a joyful career she believed that the risks were far too great for any of her brood to attempt. Her mind was made up. None of her children was to take up music in any form. None of them did—except her youngest child, John.

This determined mother made a big mistake in her carefully laid plans to make a business man out of her only son. The error lay in answering the young boy's questions about her career. Because those answers gave him glowing pictures of great artists and their debuts, their concerts and their following. The boy drank in eagerly every word and later crept up into his room and before the mirror acted out the roles of Caruso in "Faust", de Reszke in "Aida." While his boyish companions played at Cops and Robbers or Cowboys and Injuns, this lad was making faces in the mirror, pretending he was an opera star.

BY THE time John Herrick was fifteen, financial necessity forced him to go to work. Music was for a time forgotten, except on Sundays when he sang in the church choir. As he grew older he sang duets with his mother. Of his ambitions he said nothing. He kept his secret for six years, until at the age of twenty-one he announced his intention of taking singing lessons to be paid for out of his small allowance which he kept for himself after turning over the bulk of his meager earnings to the family treasury.

From that time on John Herrick studied. He not only ground out the elementary routine with the teacher to whom he paid cold cash but also with another teacher who submerged her love and became the stern taskmaster.

Public recognition came swiftly. Young Herrick made concert appearances through New England. Then came radio and in one night the son was heard by more listeners than twice the number of people who had heard his mother during her entire career in church and concert. Commercial contracts have followed ever since.

The star of the Fox Fur Programs and that Saturday night broadcast over NBC is a strange mixture of curious complexes and unexplained paradoxes. Although he shuns night clubs and theater parties he loves to play the host to his friends. Open house is the rule of the day or night in the Herrick menage.

He is almost monkish in his habits. You never heard a word of profanity from his lips and yet he associates with rough, tough newspapermen and hard-boiled, two-fisted drinking business men and cynical women. He doesn't

(*Continued on page* 87)



Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just pat it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness, sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty investment. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.



Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. It is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. Use it daily.

FASCINATING HAIR

Gorgeous new highlights brought out in one shampoo!

WHY let drab, lifeless hair add years to your appearance—dull the charm of your face? In one single shampoo with Blondex you can bring out the sparkling lustre, the alluring softness your hair now lacks. Thousands report that their first Blondex shampoo made their hair look softer and prettier than in years. Originally made especially for blondes—brunettes have found it puts fascinating glints in drab, dark hair. Blondex is a delightful shampoo rinse—not a bleach or dye. Good for the scalp—removes every bit of dust and oil-film. Try Blondex now, and see it bring your hair new life, new loveliness, and many a compliment. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical $1 bottle.



Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

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THE HUBINGER CO., No. 917, Keokuk, Iowa.
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NO DIET • NO MEDICINES • NO EXERCISES •

AN AMAZING invention called Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

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Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for Trial Offer—Today **FREE**

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ALICE WHITE
Universal Film Star

$25,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of $25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next five months, i.e., January February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of $250 up to the munificent first prize of $5,000. Imagine receiving $5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is *always* in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the $2,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your tories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

First Prize	$5,000
Second Prize	2,500
Third Prize (5 at $1,000).....	5,000
Fourth Prize (10 at $500)....	5,000
Fifth Prize (30 at $250).....	7,500
47 Cash Prizes Totaling.....	$25,000

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

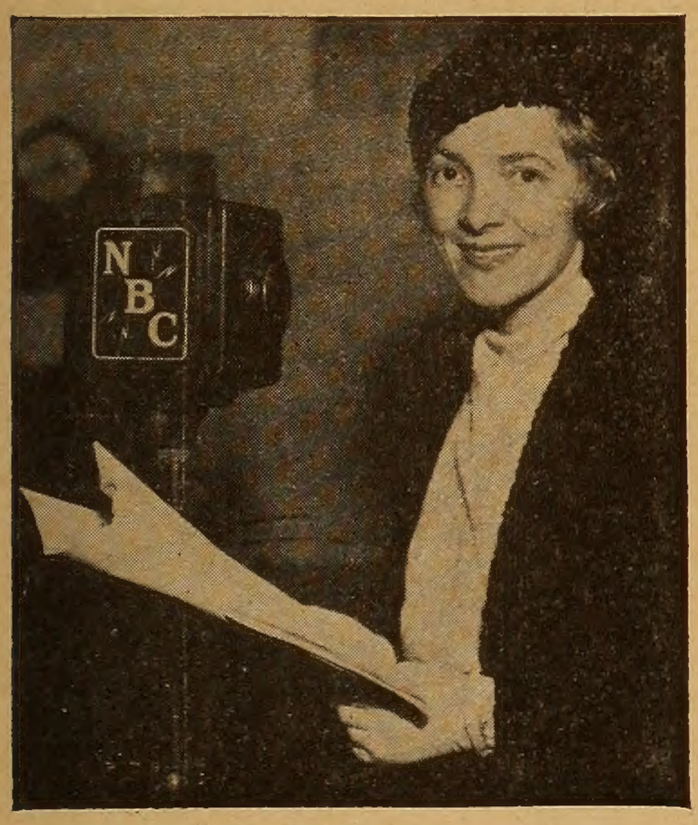
NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

(*Continued from page* 85)

drink, yet he mixes powerful cocktails for his friends all night long. He revels in fast automobile driving; he is a hearty eater, delighting in seven course dinners, heavy breakfasts, a heaping plate of spaghetti and chicken livers before retiring at night; his waistline measures a scant twenty-nine inches.

"Julia" continued to listen to her son's broadcasting. She listened with an intense and critical ear. Although she tried hard to conceal it, it was easy to tell that "Julia" was proud of her son. He is carrying on the family tradition, which was once against her wishes. Another Herrick is making his mark in the world.

The big, important life in John Herrick's life is gone. His loss will remain irreparable. The "Celibate Baritone" must inevitably turn to somebody else. And despite his apparent disinterest in married life his most intimate friends declare that there will always be some woman occupying an important place in the young man's life. It is no longer his mother. Who will take her place?



CONGRATULATIONS, HELEN!

Congratulations to Helen Hayes who saved the show for the Lux Radio Theater, Sunday, February 3rd. Margaret Sullavan, scheduled to star in "Peg o' My Heart," notified the show's producer at eleven-thirty Sunday morning that she could not go on—laryngitis had frozen her vocal chords. From her home in Nyack, fifty miles from town, Helen drove in to the studio, went through one script reading of the play, and was on the air! Her ovation from orchestra and directors after the show was greatest in history of radio.

ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 88

The objects are RAIL, LEG, CANE. The star is Gracie Allen. Watch for some more of these in future issues of RADIO MIRROR.

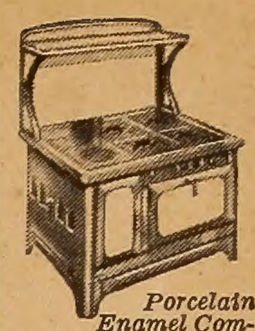


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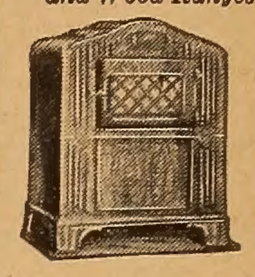


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Mail coupon now—get this new FREE catalog featuring FACTORY PRICES and easy terms—as little as 18c a day. 200 styles and sizes. More bargains than in 20 big stores. Quality is the same that over 900,000 satisfied users have trusted for 35 years.

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Clip coupon—Read about the marvelous "Oven that Floats in Flame"—and other features. See why Century of Progress prize winners prefer Kalamazoo ranges.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Trade Mark Registered

See the Porcelain Enamel Heaters with big doors, big fire pots. Make a double saving by ordering your furnace at the factory price. FREE plans.

Buy Your Stoves Direct From the Men Who Make Them

You don't have to pay *more* than the Factory Price. Come straight to the Factory. Mail coupon *now for new catalog.*

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
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FREE Catalog



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Dear Sirs: Please send me your SALE CATALOG—FREE.
Check articles in which you are interested.

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Name ----------
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City ---------- *State* ----------



I was lonely and friendless, a newcomer to town. Neighbors called once but never came again.

I read how a woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Course. I enroHed. . . .

Soon I was able to play real tunes. Now I'm invited everywhere. They call me "the life of the party."

MUSIC – *the Surest Path to Friends*
. . . so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play—who are always the center of attraction at parties—who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this newly perfected short-cut home-study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always longed for.

More than 700,000 men, women, boys and girls have successfully learned to play their favorite instrument without a teacher the famous U. S. School way. And the cost averages only a few cents a day!

Easy As A-B-C

This new "print-and-picture" method is literally as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first *tell* you what to do. Then a picture *shows* you waht to do. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

And you learn so much more quickly by this modern, up-to-date method than was possible in the old-fashioned tiresome, scale-practicing way. Now you play real tunes almost from the start—*by notes*. No teacher to fuss you. No wearying scales to plague you. No interference with business or pleasure, because you choose your own time at home.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our booklet "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. Mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano	Violin
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Organ	Ukulele
Tenor Banjo	
Hawaiian Guitar	
Piano Accordion	

Or Any Other Instrument

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

Instrument ..... Have you Instrument? .....

Marriage Broke Her Heart!

(*Continued from page 37*)

me, was the fact that he was the only boy in the band who didn't drink.

When Ramona and Howard fell in love, they thought, of course, like any two ardent young people, that no matter what happened to other couples, their love would last forever.

BUT the happiness and companionship and understanding that Ramona had expected to find in marriage were somehow strangely missing.

"Perhaps it was partly my own fault," Ramona told me wistfully, as she nervously smoked one cigarete after another. "If I had been willing to give up the work I loved and devote all my time to my marriage, perhaps it would have worked out. While we were on tour in the West, we were stranded in between engagements. I kept house; I cooked and sewed. It was all right for a while, but my work was not just a whim or a passing fancy to me, and I chafed under the monotony of housework. As soon as I got the chance to go on the air again, I grabbed it.

"And I found what so many other women have probably found before me, but which I had been too young to realize, that a woman can't both work and have a happy home life. Often I had to work late at night, and I knew it was making Howard miserable, that I was giving him very little of the companionship we had looked forward to together.

Howard had agreed that Ramona could go on with her career and never once in the years of their marriage did he reproach her for falling down on her job as his wife, but she could tell by the pained look in his eyes that he was unhappy because she was devoting so much of her time and energy to her work.

And what made matters still worse, they weren't even able to stay together; their work separated them. For, while Howard Davies' work kept him in Pittsburgh, Ramona's golden opportunity beckoned in New York.

What could she do, torn as she was between her devotion to Howard and her love for her work?

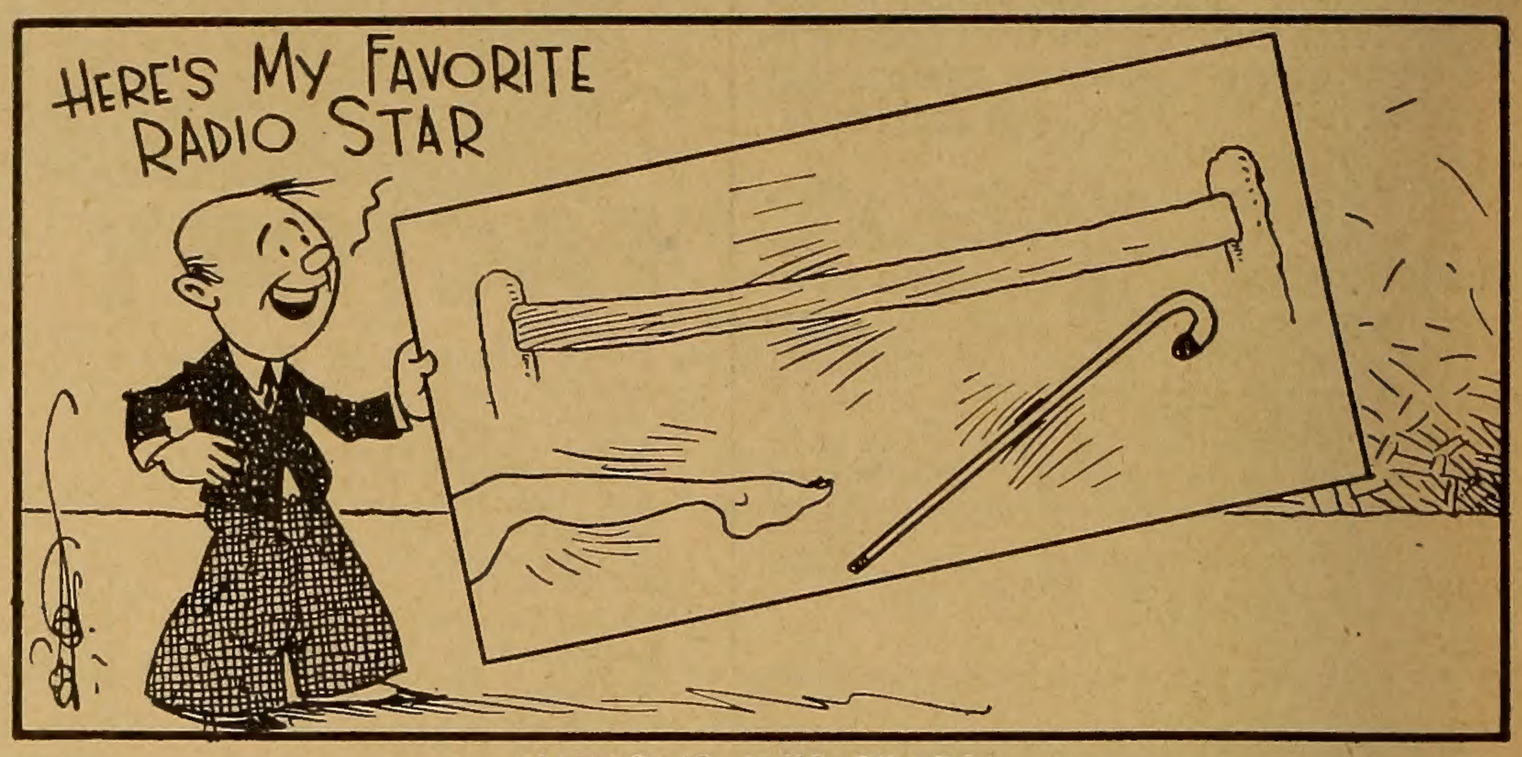
Broken-hearted though he was, Howard realized she would never be happy if she turned down this opportunity. "You must go, Ramona," he said. "I'm sure this separation will be only temporary."

And in a way he was right. For after five months, Ramona got an offer of a job in Pittsburgh as staff pianist for Station KDKA. How happy the two young people were that their long parting was over! Fate seemed, however, to have decided against their being together. Hardly had they got settled, when Don Bestor's band went on tour. Howard went with it. Again separation.

Things like this kept on happening time and again. And though they fought desperately against it, it was inevitable that with these continual separations they drifted apart, building up separate interests, meeting different people, and when they finally came together the old bond between them was gone.

"It's really tough being a woman," Ramona said, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "Women have too many things to do. A man has his work, and his home life is incidental. With a woman, when she marries, her home should come first. But what are you to do if as a woman you want marriage and children, but as a human being you are filled with a great love for work and a desire to forge ahead in your career? I think both marriage and a career are full-time jobs, distinct jobs, that do not mix. I know plenty of girls who gave up their work; traded it in for a gold wedding-band and a kitchen stove. And they've been regretting it ever since. I marvel at some of them who have tried to combine both jobs. I for one don't see how it can be done, and I have a sneaking suspicion that one or the other is being neglected, though they don't admit it till they tell their story to the judge when applying for a divorce.

"I wanted children. I still hope some day to get married and have children. But first there is the work I want to do. I won't be satisfied until I can get this out of my system—this desire for a career. When I have really made a success, perhaps then I can settle down to being a wife and a mother. It's a full time job and every woman, no matter how modern she is, is bound to find that out some day."



WHO IS THIS STAR?

With the letters needed to spell the names of the three things pictured, you can spell the full name of a famous radio star and have no letters left over. You'll find the answer on page 87.

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 57*)

one responsible for the elimination of the old type of day-time broadcasts.

SONIA HEALD, Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE

ALTHOUGH I have long been a confirmed radio fan, the depression made me appreciate it more. It helped keep up my morale.

Advertising doesn't annoy me, because sponsors aren't in business for their health. We could not otherwise have those highly paid entertainers free —so I can take it!

I dislike studio applause, moth-eaten jokes and "cutey cute" announcers, but the one I long to get by the scruff of the neck is the performer who gets so tickled during his song he can hardly finish it. This isn't funny to me.

Then too, there's such a thing as a husky he man singing "Would God I Were The Tender Apple Blossom." I'll bet he wouldn't care about being a tender apple blossom if he could. Would that he had been nipped in the bud!

MRS. FRANK DEHN,
Bonner Springs, Kansas.

$1.00 PRIZE

YOU ask for ideas. I haven't seen any mention in your magazine of many of radio's organists. It would be fine to hear and see some of these fine artists. My favorite is Fred Fival at WABC.

I think record playing should be out of radio. I am sure there are plenty of artists who need the work.

I also think sponsors who can afford to pay big prices for programs should hire more than one artist instead of paying a big salary to one person, and a program such as "Today's Children" or "Home Sweet Home" is more enjoyable than one individual.

Interviewing the artists is very interesting, like Nellie Revell does it.

The orchestra who works hard and gives the best, I believe, is B. A. Rolfe's.

MRS. RAY SCHRAWDER, Shamokin, Pa.


"Treasured Flavor"
Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove...gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum . . . golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop . . . precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say—
"Beech-Nut, Please!"
Beech-Nut
GUM and CANDIES
Beech-Nut "Mints" PEPPERMINT
5¢ Beech-Nut CANDY COATED PEPPERMINT GUM 5¢ 12 PIECES
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Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT 5¢ BEECHIES CANDY COATED 5¢
SPEAR MINT CHEWING GUM
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ORANGE Drops
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USE TAB ALWAYS REFRESHING
TUNE IN ON
"RED DAVIS"
N.B.C. - W.J.Z. Network
MON. WED. & FRI. Nights



WHAT A *truly Amazing* DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE *does* MAKE..

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. It is accepted by the highest authorities, including "Good Housekeeping Bureau." It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tear-proof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake and for *safety's* sake insist upon *genuine* Maybelline. Black, Brown or the new Blue, 75c in a gold and scarlet metal vanity case at leading drug and department stores. Purse size 10c at all ten cent stores, where Maybelline Eye Shadow, Eyebrow Pencil, Eyelash Tonic Cream and the special Maybelline Eyebrow Brush are also obtainable in 10c sizes.

Tested and Approved 4847 Good Housekeeping Bureau GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

THE NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF PERFECTLY SAFE MASCARA